

HURRAH FOR THE BOOM!

First Week in FEBRUARY.

WAR

CRY



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THE DAWN OF A NEW LIFE.

TWILIGHT.

IT WAS winter in the little Saskatchewan Valley. The snow was inches deep, and the frost hung in long streamers from the spruce, the poplar, and willow trees. Along the single track that wound through the bushes, now on the bank, now on the frozen river, moved a solitary, ragged figure. His clothes were ragged, and his moccasins had large holes in them, that showed the red socks underneath. I don't suppose that a more miserable looking specimen of humanity could have been found anywhere. As he walked on, his thoughts went back to the comfortable English home he had left a few months before; to his loving mother and father there, to the brothers and sisters and the

happy home he had forfeited by his idleness. Then the details of the parting, and of his old father as he stood on the wharf waving good-bye, passed before his mind's eye, and then came the landing and the realization of the slowly-lightening chains of sin. Stronger grew his taste for liquor, tobacco and bad company, and as iron bands about him were those habits when he tried to break them. Then the first night in the little Army barracks, and the words of the leader, that seemed burned into his heart and brain: "TAKE A LOOK AT YOUR OWN HEARTS, AND SEE HOW YOU STAND BEFORE GOD," came upon him with supernatural energy. Then the struggle began, and the question, often asked before, and as often left undecided, was asked once more, "ARE THESE PEOPLE RIGHT? I am a failure, as far as doing right is concerned, my good resolutions don't help me. Can they teach me the way to a life of victory over my sin?" "Yes, they ARE right. I am a sin-

ner, and a lost one, too. They say that what I cannot do God will help me to do if I will ask forgiveness. Something must be done, and he shall do it for me."

SUNRISE.

A soul at the penitent-form, thank God! Such a sight had not been seen in that hard little place for months, and the officers rejoiced accordingly. He seemed a hard man to get right. They had prayed and prayed, but still he held out. "Have you given up your sin, my brother?" "No, I didn't know I had to do so." "Then you had better do so." "Lord," cried the penitent, "I leave all my sins if You'll but help." "Will you leave your pipe and other sins you prize?" was the gentle urging of the Spirit. He paused for a moment and weighed the question well. His pipe or his

soul, his sin or his salvation, which was it to be? A moment's thought decided the question. "Lord," he cried, "I give up all. I'll do anything if You'll but save me."

"I can, I will, and I do believe That Jesus saves me now,"

was the song which rose around him. "Lord, I do believe." Ah! the burden moves at these words, spoken from the depths of a repentant heart. To that soul the horizon clears, the dark clouds roll away, and the Sun of Righteousness shines, and warms, and illuminates every part of his rays.

"Our brother will give us his testimony." "The brother rises to his feet. "I believe Jesus has saved me." "Shouts of 'Hallelujah!'"

It was our ragged brother of the morning. CAPT. H. F. TOOME.

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gives a vigor of spiritual
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16 Short Sermons for 1896.



Here's Some More of Dowell's Knock Down Blows.

THE motto of a true Soldier is "Victory."

Test your love with a thermometer till you find it on the boil. Boiling love sings, buzzes, and explodes. Such love will win the world for Jesus.

Miriam used her thimble very freely. Do you use yours, or is it getting dusty and rusty?

Don't heap flowers on a man's coffin if you have not been good to him before he died.

"He that winneth souls is wise." If you are not winning souls there is something wrong.

"The cross is not greater than His grace."

Don't carry the cross without the grace.

Carrying the cross without the grace is like a boy turning a grindstone and watching his comrades playing.

A short life of usefulness is better than a long life of ease.

God does not ask anyone to do impossibilities.

"Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven."

Fancy one-half the angels sleeping Sunday mornings whilst the other half are praying God.

Don't expect God to do for you what you can do for yourself.

If we sit in the house while souls are perishing, God will perhaps destroy both it and us.

Xmas Day Witness Box.

JOSHUA'S TESTIMONY.

THIS has been the fourteenth Christmas God has enabled me to spend in His service. Thirteen of these have been spent in the S. A. ranks, and during my nine years' officership I have always found the grace of God sufficient. I love the Army, its principles and methods more to-day than ever. I have the greatest confidence in our leaders, and feel they are led by God, and I have always taken my appointment as from Him. I have had victory every step of the way, and by trusting in Him.

HE KEEPS MY LIFE PURE.

and today I have a conscience void of offence toward God and man. I strive to have something defensible done for God in each meeting. My motto is "Holiness to the Lord," and my greatest study is to show myself a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, praying for heavenly guidance and wisdom to rightly divide the word of truth. By His help, I will be a loyal soldier. Yours in Jesus,

CAPT. JONH JONES,
Oshawa, Ontario.

(This was unavailably crowded out of last week's Cry.—Ed.)

Like Alpha numerals, our own safety is in steadfastly fixing our gaze on Him, our Guide, and following step by step the path He trod, that He might know all the dangers and difficulties that beset our way. And we may be sure He will never lead us farther or faster than we can safely follow.—Rose Porter.

7 A.M. KNEEDRILL.

A Useful Reading for the First Sunday Morning in 1896.

I've just returned from the barracks, whither I went for 7 a.m. kneedril. I found but one soldier there, and we spoke of the slack attendance. It started me musing, and while I mused the fire burned. Why do many of our soldiers lightly esteem kneedril? I'm convinced it's a bad sign. "Oh, it's so early to get up on Sunday." Six days in the week many people get up earlier for their own interests and to serve an earthly master, but Sunday, it's only (?) the interests of Christ's Kingdom, and to serve a heavenly Master.

"But," some one says, "what good does it do? There's only half-a-dozen there." I reply, as one who has had a little experience, it does a great deal of good. I note the spiritual life of a corps is always better where they have kneedril than it is where they don't. Why? Because there are a few who are so anxious and concerned for the battle that they must get up on the Lord's Day and go to plead and wrestle for the day's fight. Oh, it's selfish to be in bed when God's work is to be done. Jacob rose up at night and wrestled till day break, and, as might be expected,

GOD GAVE HIM VICTORY.

Comrades, don't lightly esteem prayer or kneedril. Bible class and Bible study is good, but no practical good will be accomplished without prayer. It's like the beautifully-painted and equipped steamship without the steam.

Some people can run to every Bible class, but can't attend kneedril or holiness meetings. Why? Because their appetite for prayer is poor, and they seek a substitute in Bible study. Now, I don't speak lightly of Bible study, God forbid. He has given us His word for a lamp to our feet and a light to our path. Study it, by all means. But to be successful in winning souls it must be coupled with kneedril. When they told the Apostle James out for burial they found his knees were calloused, hard with kneeling, and he tells us, as one who knows and proved it, that the effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man avails much.

Comrade, promise God, for the sake of dying souls, you'll be a kneedril.

LIEUT. OTTAWAY.

A circulation of 500,000 copies is almost assured for the English Christmas Cry. Bravo, John!

Colonel Barker has been doing some glorious things during his visit to Denmark. The Copenhagen Shelter opening drew many of the leaders of society. At night in the Heigsgaard, the large audience was powerfully worked upon by the Spirit of God, and fourteen souls came to the cross. He has taken the Concert Palace—probably the finest hall in Europe—for a great demonstration. The prospects are charming.



MONTANA MINERS.—And who shall say how many of them will yet wear red guernseys, ay, and lead the Lord's hosts under the Army flag!

OUR Free-and-Easy!

All Sing:—

"Oh, the drunkard may come, and the swearer may come,
Backsliders and sinners are all welcome home;
If you will but believe and be washed in the blood,
For ever and ever you may dwell with the Lord."

Half Drunk, but He Got Saved!

Robert Pearsall, of Hamilton, will now Tell His Tale.

When I look back on my past experience, I cannot find words to express my gratitude to God for the peace He gives me from day to day. About seven years ago I first met the Army, and through its instrumentality I was brought to see myself a sinner.

At the moment I felt the Lord was calling me I obeyed, and yielded to the striving of His Spirit and gave myself entirely into His hands. Then I started to work for Him as a soldier, and did so for about two years, until the devil came along and got me looking at the lives of others instead of Christ, consequently I kept getting colder and colder in my soul. The devil having got the victory over me, he kept on leading me from one thing to another until he had me taking a sociable glass with my ungodly companions. I tried to convince myself that there was no harm in taking a sociable glass, but after some time I proved it was the means of getting me further into sin, until I became a total wreck. Although I continued on in this way for five years, I always felt that God had not taken His Spirit from me. I knew that God was willing to accept me back to the fold, only I was not willing to come.

About a year ago I came to Hamilton a poor, miserable backslider. While standing at the City Hall one night thinking of what I was going to do, as I had spent all my money on liquor, and it seemed as if every companion had forsaken me, my attention was drawn by the sound of the Army drum. This cheered me. They marched to where I was standing and formed a ring.

As I listened to the comrades give their experience one after the other to the saving and keeping power of Jesus Christ, I felt that there was yet a chance for me, as I knew some of their past lives were just the same as mine.

I followed them to the barracks. As I listened to the different experiences, I felt if I did not give my heart to God that night probably I would not have another chance. The devil tried to convince me the Salvation Army was not what it was preached to be, and there was no use in my starting again, as I had made a failure of it in the past. So I started to leave the barracks, but, thank God, before I got

to the door, the Spirit took such a hold of me that it was impossible for me to leave the barracks, so I took another seat.

Captain Frink then gave the invitation. All those who wanted rest to their soul could find it at the feet of Jesus. I felt my need more than ever, and started for the platform. Being so convicted, and half drunk at the time, I could hardly reach there, but, thank God, when I started I went with the determination to go in for all God and forgive His name. He broke the chains of sin, and I rose to my feet a sober man, and I have been sober ever since. Although I got the victory over drink that night, yet there were other inward sins which were holding me back from doing the whole will of God.

But, praise God, He is leading me on day by day. I feel now I have made a full surrender of my soul, and He gives me grace day by day to defeat the devil and do God's will. I pray that this experience will prove a blessing to those who once pressed to follow and serve God all the way, but through disobedience have gone back into sin.

ROBERT PEARSALL.

Reader, if you have a good story to tell, that will mainly the glory of God and encourage a preacher to come to his Heavenly Father, send it in to the Editor for this column, and mark it "Free-and-Easy."

Told in Bivouac.

Do not Trifle with Eternal Interests.

A MEETING was being held at an Army outpost, when a few club-seated themselves in the back of the building for the purpose of indulging in light amusements. Before closing the Lieutenant asked if there were any present who wished to be saved or prayed for, and would they raise their hand. Whereupon one, of a distinguished character, repeatedly and contemptuously threw up both hands in mockery to what was said. "We will want to be prayed for, soon," said the Lieutenant, as he earnestly pleaded with the people.

A few days after a young man came to our quarters saying that the same girl was not expected to live, and would we visit her? In haste we went to her home and entered her room. I don't think that I shall ever forget her look of despair as she cried "NOT SAVED! NOT SAVED!"

The dying girl was dealt with prayer, and the glory of God was ascribed to the heavens. Outside, the night was dark, the tempest raged, but oh, how comforting were the words of the faltering girl! She would with thank and joy describe that she attended and listened to the pleadings of a loving Saviour. In a little while the shades of death gathered, its waters rolled in, and her soul went to meet a rejected Christ.

"Reprieve, Rebuke, Exhort!"

I can tell a much happier story than the above. Last Sunday night a most impressive meeting was conducted at Leppindale Street barracks, Toronto. Two interesting young ladies, set through that meeting a fervent earnestness and unceasing interest in prayer, and devotion. The officer in charge, rebuked them. The ladies were much stirred in spirit and spoke fearfully straight. A night or so after, these young ladies separated, one, who was alleged to go to a ball, the other, thank God, went to the same place where she had been so openly rebuked, and there as a penitent at the penitent-form, sought the forgiveness of sins.—Ed.

Reader, if you know of anything similar to what the girls did, send it to the Editor, marked "Told in Bivouac."

Comrades Joseph Rickard and Colonel and Mrs. Lagergren have also been at I. H. Q. in conference with the Chief of Staff upon important advances and developments in Sweden.

Preparations to open Army work in Constantinople and Vienna, the capital cities of Turkey and Austria respectively, have been received at the Foreign Office. Friends in Vienna offer liberal assistance if we will open our work there.

Holiness Nuggets.

To die out of all self-will, with Christ on the cross, is the most actual prayer that can be offered. There is no passage to Salem but through this straight gate. The creature would choose any other but this: this, however, is the chosen of God.

When you have thus died, you will find a new life: you will have all things in God, and God in all things. Even in passing this straight gate, there will be comforts and consolations given, if needed.

Some of the martyrs have found a bed of roses in a furnace of fire. At any rate, there is no remedy. You cannot steal a march that will bring you into this city: there is only one gate—that is at the end of THE PASS OF DEATH to our own will in all things.

There is one gift of God which you may reach after, in your inner man, constantly, and without doubtfulness or fear, of illusions, a love which is worthy of Him. All stability and quietness of spirit are wrapped up in this, beside a thousand minor things which cannot be named—all, however, valuable and pleasant. The stability alone of this Love is worth a thousand worldly ten times told. If your heart goes out after it, it is still to come.

The simplicity of an infant in the hands of God will do wonders: but a child, or stiller, is the weakest of all soldiers to march against the enemy.

A meek and lowly sighing after the Blessed One, night and day, morning, noon, and night, well mixed with patience when blows are pulled down, and constant firmness by the roots, temptations keen, and Satan rampant—is the narrow and safe path to honour, and glory, and eternal life.

The voice of the Spirit in the heart—if indeed it may be called a voice—is very gentle, and brings to a cross—the cross—at the same time hardly interfering with a sense of freedom. The safe path, in many-narrow cases out of every hundred, is to take up the Cross. In doing this, if mistaken, though this will happen very rarely, if ever, (though it may seem to do so frequently), we grow stronger and stronger in God.

All those whom God chooses to work for Him are put through a preparatory course of discipline. Moses was a long time in the wilderness before he saw the glory of God in the bush. Joseph, David, and many other ancient worthies, did not enter upon their task—of which they had been forewarned—immediately. The first years of our Saviour's life are a blank to us. When the most blessed will, a deep notch may be cut quickly upon the stick of time.

While man is man, and in himself, however "righteous," he may be, he is an abomination to God, nature his pretended faith, preachings, teachings, "prayers," and washings in the "Blood of the Lamb." It is only as he loses his own will and fallen nature, and become One Spirit with Him who is at the right hand of the Majesty on high, that he is accepted truly and fully, and that the invisible appears in sight, and He is seen by the quiet eye. His mind and will knoweth and feel, and the character and quality of all men and all teachings tasted in the inner man, as naturally as food is tasted and relished by the senses of the outer.

The Pharisee spirit always lauds the Spirit of Christ, when at a distance, as in the Prophets; but when brought to their ears and nostrils, spits out against it as blasphemous, contradictory, and absurd.

Prayer without ceasing is a mystery which no words can explain, but is as easy as breathing the vital air to those who have come under subjection to the Life of Christ in their hearts, and walk in the Spirit.

The true and safe path, however, is to be constant in child-like cross-taking, watchful walking, and humble love. ALL work is met with, sooner or later, in this path.

Holiness Nuggets.

"EVEN CHRIST PLEASED NOT HIMSELF."

(BY MOTTO)

From Mrs. Booth's
OFFICE TABLE.

How many there are up and down the country who gratefully remember the ministering hands of dear MRS. ENSIGN LANGTRY, and who will be pained to hear a word or two of testimony from her. Owing to the falling length of her aged mother, it was necessary that she should remain at home for awhile. She writes in a comforting strain, as usual. "I wish I could help you," she says. "I do pray for you and dear Commandant. I love you both with a true love. I keep asking God to open up the way

also to train my children for the Army, but after all, I often wonder if it is possible for a mother never to feel impatient, and always to maintain a cool, calm, mild disposition, no matter what goes wrong, or comes or goes? I find there are so many cares come crowding in upon you to prevent your having your own times of communion and prayer. Just when I have made up my mind to have a time alone with God, one of the babies will cry, and then something else will turn up to hinder me. Still, I do get some moments with God, but I feel I need so much more! I am so sorry for your anxiety about your baby. I have had that experience when we lost our eldest and beloved boy, our Henry, seven years. Oh, we miss him so much yet. I trust yours will grow strong. How we love them—our children. Each one fills its special corner in our heart's affections."

And how many among our officers can respond to this heart-ery for souls—souls? Oh, may the Lord give us nothing less than a Calvary passion for souls, that burns day and night in our bones till we can rest satisfied with nothing else. After some messages of warm love and loyalty, MRS. ENSIGN LANGTRY continues: "I believe God is with you when you suffer, and through it we are blessed. We have darkness, too, and need of courage and faith, for we find enemies of truth right in the very midst of us, when we are faithful in dealing with individuals. I am not satisfied with my work as a soul-winner. I don't mean to say we get no souls saved; we get some, thank God, but think you can understand what I mean—I am not so successful as I might be. I believe there are greater possibilities as a soul-winner, and I am longing to know God's way. I can't help feeling that I should not go longing to see souls saved, and yet have my longings unsatisfied. I believe we should have an insatiable craving for souls all the time, and I believe we should be getting them. God has given me the desires of my soul in so many ways. I feel as if my target for souls had been set. The Ensign and I are one in feeling our lives, our interests, are all bound in the Army. May God keep us ever so."

May God bless these comrades, who are so in earnest about the welfare of souls!

—

ENSIGN WARD, who received orders for Ottawa, has left her beloved work at London, where she has labored early and late with unflagging energy to make the Home Front a true success. It is beautiful to notice the way she received and followed out her sudden instructions, without question or argument. She writes: "I feel quite satisfied that it is the Lord's will. I am leaving London contented that I have done all I could. God bless you very much. Yours to follow."

—

ADJUTANT COWAN, whose state of health has kept her in comparative inaction, has sufficiently recovered her strength to undertake an appointment. She follows Ensign Ward to the London Home oversight. "You can always depend on me," she repeats, "and if ever I could do anything to help you and the Commandant, no matter what it is, I shall be ready and glad. Please pray for me. I need God's help. I do believe He will give me the desire of my heart in the salvation of souls."

—

St. Henry Parkes has given a new definition of the Salvation Army, which, on the whole, we like better than the current one of "the latest sect." Speaking at a meeting in North Sydney, he said: "I recommend the Salvation Army as an industrially organized arm of the Church of Jesus Christ."

THE WAR CRY PLATFORM.



MRS. BALLINGTON BOOTH SPEAKS:

FOUND OUT AT LAST.

(An incident for reading at Watch-night meeting.)

"A CLERGYMAN left the Old Country to come to America to continue his mission among the unsaved. He had been advised, I believe, by his physician to try the climate of the United States. He sailed on one of those great ocean grey-hounds, and at the same time and on the same ship there sailed a well-known forger and criminal. The criminal became acquainted with the clergyman, who, not knowing the record of the man with whom he was associating, very soon became attached to him. The clergyman was taken sick during the latter part of the voyage, and during his illness the criminal, with patience and with every consideration, nursed him, and thus the clergyman became additionally fond of the criminal. Just before passing away, for he died on the voyage, he gave the criminal all his papers, credentials, and introduction to the bishop. When the criminal arrived on this side, he impersonated the clergyman, saw the bishop and presented to him the certificate or recommendation of the clergyman. By-and-by he was offered a church and preached there the sermons that the clergyman had made, with some considerable degree of power and success. It was not known that the criminal impersonated the clergyman until he came to his dying bed, when he confessed the whole truth, to the utter amazement and chagrin of his congregation. You cannot do with God what the criminal did with the bishop. When you have left this life, when you have thrown off this mortal clay; when you stand before the great white throne, God will look straight at you, and see you as you are, and He will say: 'As the tree falls so shall it lie; as he was on earth before Me, so shall he be before Me throughout eternity.' There is one gate through which hypocrites never pass. There is one door that never swings in the face of the superficial Christian, and that is the door of Heaven. Oh, if there is a superficial Christian here, come to the cross; come just now; for, blessed be His name, the precious Blood of Jesus cleanses from all unrighteousness and from all sin."

A 15-LINE LIFE STORY.

Captain Curry.

Born at Tweed, Ont.—Brought up Methodist—Rather a poor couple—Smoked, drank and swore—S. A. comes—Puzzled him at first—But got him at last—Definite work—Became soldier—Capt—Ran home—Felt bad about it—Came back to Training Home—Lieutenant at Richmond, N.B.—Then did business at Carleton, N.B. (four days), Bear River, Springfield (four days), Building Department, Bixby, N.S., Halifax, N.S., Rockville, Clark's Harbor, Carleton, and is now at Annapolis—Saved, happy, and lots of it.



MRS. ENSIGN LANGTRY, of House of Rest fame.

for me to get back, some time, to do something in the Army, which I love so much. I have to watch and pray to keep right in my own conscience. My dear mother is very weak. She sends her love to you. When I read your letter to her, the tears were running down her cheeks. I feel so sorry to think of the trouble and suffering you have had to go through, but God will be very near to you."

By almost the same mail, curiously enough, comes a letter from Mrs. Langtry's daughter, STAFF CAPT. MRS. SOUTHALLE, at Kingston. "Surely," she says, "you will never forget Canada. Your trials have been almost more than one could stand. While you have been passing thro' the fire we have especially prayed for you, and now we rejoice with you. God has given you many grand victories here, and I believe a work is being done for Canada which will LAST. It has meant a lot more suffering for the Commandant and you than we shall ever know, but it has not been in vain. We are all well. My little ones are as healthy, for which I praise God. We are very happy indeed. I know the danger, when anxious about home affairs and the work, how apt one is to neglect the most important. I have learnt a lesson in that, and I am thankful."

In these two letters we have the two generations represented, all on the road to Heaven. How beautiful—the same God enough for the grandmother, the mother, the daughter, and her children!

—

MRS. ADJUTANT GAGE sends a few touching words that may be appreciated with the manifold cares of a corps, and her little ones, too, echo: "I know that Jesus does abide with me, and lives in me, to help me, or I feel I never could have gone this far. I know I love my work, in whatever sphere I am placed. I feel my whole soul is wrapped up in it. It is no drudgery for me to go to it, whether visiting, cry-selling, or anything, I delight to do it. But, with three or four little ones, one cannot be always at the front. I have always sought to be a blessing in my own home—since I cannot do much in public—and a stay and help to my husband, to keep his spirits up, and

To do out of all self-will, with Christ on the cross, is the most effective prayer that can be offered. There is no passage to Salem but thro' this straight gate. The creature would choose any other but this: this, however, is the chosen of God.

When you have thus died, you will find a new life; you will have all things in God, and God in all things. Even in passing this straight gate, there will be comfort and consolation given, if needed.

Some of the martyrs have found a bed of roses in a furnace of fire. At any rate, there is no remedy. You cannot steal a march that will bring you into this city; there is only one gate—that is at the end of THIS PASS. OR DEATH to our own will in all things.

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The voice of the Spirit in the heart—if indeed it may be called a voice—very gentle, and brings to a cross—the cross—at the same time hardly interfering with a sense of freedom. The safe path, in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, is to take up the cross. In doing this, it is mistaken, though this will happen very rarely, if ever, (though it may seem to do so frequently), we grow stronger and stronger in God.

All those whom God chooses to work for Him are put through a preparatory course of discipline. Moses was a long time in the wilderness before he saw the glory of God in the bush. Joseph, David, and many other ancient worthies, did not enter upon their task—of which they had been forewarned—immediately. The first 30 years of our Saviour's life are a blank to us. When the Most Blessed will, a deep notch may be cut quickly upon the stick of time.

While man is man, and in himself, however "righteous," he may be, he is an abomination to God, malgré his pretended faith, preachings, teachings, "prayers," and washings in the "Blood of the Lamb." It is only as he loses his own will and fallen nature, and becomes One Spirit with Him who is at the right hand of the Majesty on high, that he is accepted truly and fully, and that the invisible appears in sight, and He is seen by the opened eye, His mind and will known and felt, and the character and quality of all men and all teachings tasted in the inner man, as naturally as food is tasted and relished by the senses of the tongue.

The Pharisee spirit always finds the Spirit of Christ, when at a distance, as in the Prophets; but when it is brought to their own and discerns, it is not content with an blasphemous, contradictory, and absurd.

Prayer without fasting is a mystery which no words can express, but is as easy as breathing the vital air to those who have come under subjection to the Life of Christ in their hearts, and walk in the Spirit.

The true and safe path, however, is to be constant in child-like exclaiming, watchful walking, and humble love. ALL good is met with, sooner or later, in this path.

to the door. His Spirit took such a hold of me that it was impossible for me to leave the barracks, so I took another rest.

Captain Frink then gave the invitation. All those who wanted rest in their soul could find it at the feet of Jesus. I felt my need more than ever, and started for the peeling form. Being so convicted, and hat drunk at the time, I could hardly reach shore, but, thank God, when I started I went with the determination to go in for all God had for me. Bless His name, He broke the chains of sin, and I rose to my feet a sober man, and I have been sober ever since. Although I got the victory over sin that night, yet there were other hard sins which were holding me back from doing the whole will of God.

But, praise God, He is leading me on day by day. I feel now I have made a full surrender of my will to Him. He gives no grace day by day to deny the devil and do God's will. I pray that this experience will prove a blessing to those who are so prone to follow and serve God all the way, but through disobedience have come back into sin.

ROBERT PEARAIL.

Reader, if you have a good story to tell, which will magnify the grace of God and encourage a young man to enter the Holy Father, send it to the Editor for this column, and mark it "Free-Press-Day."

Told in Bivouac.

Do not Trifle with Eternal Interests.

A MEETING was being held at an Army outpost, when a few gliding gentlemen themselves in the back of the building for the purpose of indulging in light amusements. Before closing the Lieutenant asked if there were any present who wished to be saved, or prayed for, and would they raise their hand. Whereupon one of a distinguished character, repeatedly and contemptuously threw up both hands in mockery to what was said. "You will want to be prayed for soon," said the Lieutenant, as he earnestly pleaded with the people.

A few days after a young man came to our quarters saying that the same girl was not expected to live, and would we visit her? In haste we went to her home and entered the room. I don't think that I shall now forget her look of despair as she cried, "NOT SAVED! NOT SAVED!"

The dying girl was lying with prayer words offered, but her eyes were closed. Outside, the night was dark, the tempest raged, but oh, how comforting were the words of the fathering girl! She would with tears refer to the meeting that she attended, and described the pleadings of a loving Saviour. In a little while the shades of death gathered, its waters rolled in, and her soul went to meet a rejected Christ.

"Reprieve, Rebuke, Exhort!"

I can tell a much happier story than the above. Last Sunday night a most impressive meeting was conducted at Lippincott Street barracks, Toronto. Two interesting young ladies sat through that meeting in evident carelessness and unconcern. About 9.30 p.m., Ensign Byers, the officer in charge, rebuked them. The Ensign was much stirred in spirit and spoke fearfully straight. A night or so after, those young ladies separated, and it was alleged to go to a well-known place where she had been so openly rebuked, and there as a penitent at the penitential font, sought the forgiveness of sins—Ed.

Reader, if you know of anything similar to above, the truth of which you can vouch for, send it to the Editor, marked "Told in Bivouac."

Commissioner Ridwell and Colonel Mrs. Lagercrantz have also been at H. H. Q. in conference with the Chief-of-Staff upon important advances and developments in Sweden.

Requests to open Army work in Constantinople and Vienna, the capital cities of Turkey and Austria respectively, have been received at the Foreign Office. Friends in Vienna offer liberal assistance if we will open up our work there.

In the World.

Are You Square Here?

John Maloney, an expressman, lives with his wife in a single roomed, 133 Ontario street, a house rented by one Thomas Binko. It is said the husband has been on a spree for a month or so, and that when he came home last night he was under the influence of liquor.

About 1.30 this morning the lady of the house had her attention called to Maloney's room by a peculiar noise. She opened the door and went in. There she found the unfortunate woman sitting on the side of the bed, without a particle of clothing, with a bucket of water beside her, and a rag in her hand, busily engaged in washing a ghastly wound in her throat extending almost from ear to ear.

The police were at once notified and the woman removed to the General Hospital, where it was found necessary to put twelve stitches in the wound. There is a possibility she may recover, although the chances are against it.

The above happened in "Toronto the good" recently. The Telegram, from which this account is taken, blames the whiskey. No doubt it is to blame, this way: Cut-throat, santon, freese, vater.

Two next time you vote, think of that poor woman mopping the blood from her jagged throat, and demand that your man goes with all his weight for prohibition.

Peace-Not War!

What a heartless discord has been introduced amongst the people of the British Empire and the Republic, at the time when "Peace on earth" should have been the watchword between them. How far short of their high moral destiny among the nations do they come when there can be all this disputing about a few thousand acres of South American mud, while in Armenia our fellow Christians fall beneath the cruel lust of an insatiable tyranny.

War! war between the British Empire and the Republic! It must not be. It would be the greatest, the most hideous wholesale crime the world has seen for centuries. It would strike at our home circles, and lay the young men of America and Canada under the gun by tens of thousands, it would fill our country with widows and mourning.

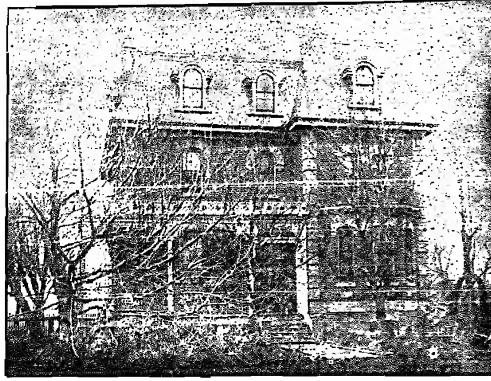
No, not let the Empire and the Republic be "friendly competitors" in industrial pursuits; let them join hands in demanding justice and fair play for the oppressed everywhere; let them unite to command peace among the nations of the world, but let them never lean their standards with the blood of a fratricidal war which would make millions mourn, shed an ocean of blood, produce commercial disaster, and leave a gaping wound between the two people unhealed for a century. "Blessed are the peace-makers," and they will be heard at Heaven's throne on this matter, as well as amongst their political leaders. God deliver us from war!

Japan.

It is reported that there is a strong Buddhist revival going on in the Japanese Empire. The Church has been stirred up by the invasion of missionaries, and within recent years Buddhist papers have been organized, and the Japanese press is full of articles about religious matters. Our forces have not advanced on Japan a moment too soon; the floods there are ripe for harvest. A prominent missionary leader, who has spent some 25 or 30 years in Japan, said recently that with cautious and careful procedure for the first two or three years, there was nothing to prevent the Army sweeping the whole country before it. No greater authority on evangelistic work in Japan exists than the Rev. Dr. who gave the above as his opinion. God speed the Japanese War!

An Army Job-Vancouver.

At a recent City Council meeting in Vancouver, the Rev. H. G. P. Clinton



RESCUE HOME, PARKDALE.

appealed for relief work for unemployed men during winter, and suggested that the city provide a room where bunks could be put up, and with a cooking stove for preparing victuals. About \$200 outlay would meet the cost, he thought. Alderman Brown thought \$1,000 would be needed to carry out such a scheme, and he would prefer giving the \$200 to the Salvation Army and letting them provide for the unemployed. Another Alderman, referring to the tramps who might be attracted to the city, remarked that the best way to get rid of the tramps was to starve them out. Alderman Gallagher said there was a real need for such an institution as Rev. Clinton suggested, but he favored letting the Salvation Army have the management. To all of which we reply, here is the Salvation Army, to-day in its shelters it will feed 25,000 people of the class under discussion. The Army has handled this kind of work now for some years, it is getting into the run of the thing, and while the task of providing work, warmth, and food for men, with an honest attempt all the time to elevate them morally, is no easy matter, yet it is willing to try. Vancouver could not do more wisely than follow the example of her sister city, Victoria, and get an Army Food and Shelter, with wood-yard attached.



This is a picture of William Young, the furor hand who, a white slave, murdered his employer in a Monterey county ranch, and who was executed at Quentin.

Young, so the papers say, was an ignorant German, twenty-three years of age, and addicted to drink. In his cups he was a fiend, but when sober he was a gentle, big-hearted body. Three hours before he mounted the scaffold he said that no deserved death as a just punishment for the killing of his employer, yet, in the same breath, he declared that he never meant to commit murder. Both of them were intoxicated, he said, but as near as he could recollect the gun was discharged accidentally.

"... But I killed the man, and the law says I must die. I make no protest. I believe I should suffer for my crime. I could never be happy again anyway. I have no friends, no home. The only persons who have

come to comfort me in my hours of trouble are the members of the Salvation Army. They have told me Who Jesus is, and I have asked His mercy. I have felt much stronger and better prepared to meet death since I have been in communion with the Salvation soldiers."

Poor fellow! "Gentle, big-hearted," but "in his cups a fiend." You see where the blame really lies?

Salvation for Body and Soul.

A RESCUE HOME VISIT.

Let me take you, dear reader, in imagination, to the Rescue Home in Parkdale, Toronto. It is a large building on Junction Avenue. A few days since, when I called, I was shown over it by the Lieutenant. There are eighteen women there, and five officers in charge. The Lieutenant told me some sad stories of some of the dear girls, but with prayer and kindness some of them have been saved. There are in the House some who are looking for situations. None are sent out but those who can be well recommended. I asked the Lieutenant about the work. "Oh," he said, "it is glorious work. I was for some time a fleet officer, but oh, I love this work! I wish I hate the sin. I love the sinner, and the lower down they get the more I seem to love them. And oh, we have some grand times. Sunday evenings we have

SOME LOVELY MEETINGS

with the dear girls. Although we have much to discourage us in this work, still, praise God, He does bless us. I want to tell you of one girl who was in the House. She was such a trouble to us, and used to try and lead the others astray, so that the Adjutant had to send her away. Some time after this, one of our officers was at the Police Station (you know we go there every second day in the summer). This same girl was there. The Magistrate gave her the choice of going to the Rescue Home or the Reformatory. She decided she would come to us. Now, praise God, she is beautifully saved. I could tell you of others in the same way.

"Are not the Communist and Mrs. Booth very much interested in this work?"

"Oh, yes, it has a very warm place in their hearts."

And now, reader, do you not think you can do something to help these dear officers, who work behind the scenes? May God bless every one of them, and may many a poor, weary, broken heart find, through the instrumentality of the Home, the "Friend of Sinners," for in Him and His person there is a panacea for every sore.

M. MARRIOTT.

God gives us our choice. We can serve Him and have His blessing here, in this world, and finally a home in Heaven, or serve the devil and spend an eternity in hell. Which will you do? Which will you help others to do?

Capt. Yorke Dead!

Married for Five Weeks, and then Lays Down the Sword for a Crown.

A few weeks ago we announced the wedding of an old friend and comrade, Captain Yorke, then stationed at a Boston, Mass., corps. It is our painful duty to now inform our readers that this young, capable and talented officer has been summoned home, and is now in the ranks of the glorified hosts above. On behalf of those who knew our departed comrade, for he was widely known, from Newfoundland to Toronto, and on behalf of the whole field, we wish to convey to the sorrowing wife of only a few weeks our deepest and most loving sympathy in the time of anguish. May the God of all love comfort her and strengthen her heart!

We clip the following account of the funeral from the *Fredericton Farmer*, Dec. 18, 1898:

The funeral services of Captain Yorke, of the Salvation Army, who died at Boston, Mass., on Tuesday last, took place at the Army Headquarters, Washington street, on Tuesday, 12th inst. Captain Yorke had just six weeks that night been married at the People's Temple before a large assemblage of people.

From 10 to 12 a.m., says the *Fredericton Record*, the remains rested in state, and a continual procession of people passed by for a last look at the fair-haired young soldier. There were no signs of curiosity, but all seemed filled with grief, and men and women alike held handkerchiefs to their eyes. The most affecting incident was that of a poor old man who bent over the coffin, and cried, "What shall I do? He was the means of saving me. He lifted me up out of the gutter."

Among the floral tributes was a cross and crown, with the word "Victory," from the Cambridge corps. A crown of eglantine flowers, with the words, "Our Beloved Captain," from friends in Waterbury, Conn., and also a square of roses from Harmony Lodge, No. 42, Masons of Waterbury. At the head of the coffin there was a pillow of roses and plinks, with the words, "Our Beloved Captain," from friends in Waterbury, Conn., and also a square of roses from Harmony Lodge, No. 42, Masons of Waterbury. At the head of the coffin there was a pillow of roses and plinks, with the words, "Our Beloved Captain," from friends in Waterbury, Conn., and also a square of roses from Harmony Lodge, No. 42, Masons of Waterbury.

The funeral services were conducted by Colonel Parry, of New York. The young wife of Captain Yorke, his father and intimate friends occupied seats in front of the coffin. Mrs. Yorke's weeping was pitiful to witness. Brigadier Brower spoke, taking for his text, "Jesus wept," and "Behold how He loved him." The line of march was taken up for Mount Hope Cemetery, where the remains were interred.

They had Their Eyes Opened.

We were in the large hall of the Temple, listening to an impromptu organ recital by Professor Little, of the Harmonic Hurricaners, and descending on the glories of music, when up jumped our entertainer and said: "Two words! I was blessed in a fine large house in one of the places visited by the Naval Brigade. The folks were dead against the Army, only the old gentleman having any kindly feeling for us. In fact, they told us this themselves, and said they wouldn't have taken any Salvationists but for him. Nothing was so bad for them to say about the Army. After a little time I was asked to play something on the piano. I sat down and gave them this selection"—here the Professor sat down and ran over a couple of lines of a sacred song—"and after I was through the whole house was changed. They had completely turned, and were loud in their praise of our work. It was marvellous! I never saw anything like it. It shows what music will do."

It is only when the Lord's forces are divided that the devil gains a victory.

No man wants to be a saint until he finds out what it is to be a sinner.

A New Year's

From BRIGADIER

To the Officers of the Eastern

My Dear Comrades:—
Ere this appears in the paper, I am stepping into what you may call an active as it may seem, something for the New Year. MUST! MUST!! Cannot we look back at God's goodness and through ninety-five, a year, "Hark! hark! hark! us?" Yes, indeed we cannot we look back at accomplishments in the name of Jesus, of sons for the King of Glory hear your heart say:—
"Yes."

Now, let us look forward! Go on, my comrades, the reins, clear the track, is for in sorrow earth, IS ALL and I rejoice!

What shall we do? I before us. I ask what it will be just what we need, usefulness, steady advancement in our comrades, let it be! "THAT MORE! Pray for your comrades, ye Army, the General, the young brothers, your sisters, your mothers, your fathers, pay for all men, and for a HARVEST OF

FIGHT MORE. In the barracks, in the field, marching men, and Fight!! FIGHT!!! Fight, souls! We must remember.

"Jesus is strong to Jesus is mighty to

THE CHILDREN. ranks, we must give to lambs, the tender twig Army. The children of 1896 must be a year this line "Suffer in Let us not go guilty tiam." Urge them to with them.

YOURSELF! Be good and-out Salvationists, and souls. Hot, my Warm-hearted, loving bearing and forbearing courage, hope, and faith. My time is up. This line "The King's house, He quick, and Hurry!"

"The time is fast Its moments are

Whatever the past let this coming year be success in His service. Shall it? I believe.

To you, my Eastern send these few words, and gratitude to His goodness. I urge upon faster than ever to save men from satan's grasp. destruction. Rely on the sympathy of Mrs. Scott. Accept our best wishes, peace and joy in the y. Heaven bless and guide Yours for earth and

THE GOOD SHIP "S"

On her Mission

"Salvationising" the and Covets of the Colony

We visited DOUBLED people were not exp when they saw us thought it was a dry in we went into the yellow, red and blue. We stayed over Sunday, you could see them boats from all parts with the little barracade in the prayer meeting came and knelt at the

LOOK OUT! NEXT WEEK'S 'CRY'

The GENERAL'S AUSTRALASIAN
CAMPAGNAN.



OFFICIAL ORGAN OF
THE SALVATION ARMY
IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

A Journal devoted to the salvation of the lost and
the glorification of the saved, together with the propa-
ganda of the Salvation Army in all places.
Address all communications to the Editor, Salva-
tion Army Headquarters, Toronto.

1896.

Good morning!
Now Year's greetings to all.
May 1896 excel all previous years
in blessing and prosperity.
We desire this for every person in
Northwest America, Canada, and
Newfoundland.

MRS. BOOTH.

Although prevented from doing pub-
lic work, Mrs. Booth is busily engaged
at Headquarters during the Com-
mandant's absence in England. Here
she is putting in long hours every day
at the office, helping the direction of
affairs, with her wise and firm coun-
sel, inspiration, and constant good
cheer.

THE EVER-RECURRING PROBLEM.

In another column there is a refer-
ence to the City Council's meeting at
Yamouche, when the need of some
sort of a shelter and labor yard was
discussed.

There is no doubt that the subject
of "the unemployed" will continually
come up, not only at Vancouver, but
in every other city of any importance,
until the municipalities set themselves
seriously to work to provide employ-
ment for the "out-of-work."

Our thing is plain, viz., that no man
willing to work should be denied em-
ployment. If there is no employment
to be found through the ordinary
channels, then work should be made.

In connection with the development
of inner-city industry, and the
keen struggle for a livelihood, which
is the rule everywhere in these high-
ly-competitive days, there will of ne-
cessity be much displacement of labor
and a continual subsidence into the
ranks of the unemployed. For such
unfortunates as these, it is the
bounden duty of municipalities or
other governing bodies to provide a
way back to an honest livelihood.
Even the tramps must not be starved,
as was suggested at the meeting be-
fore-mentioned; the only starvation
we could tolerate would be the vol-
untary starvation of a man who pre-
ferred that state to work.

The General's Scheme, as set forth
in his "Darkest England" book, meets
the case. It finds food and lodging
for the hungry man at the moment.
It then transports him to the School
of Agriculture, or Farm Colony, out-
side the city, where he can learn
unaided men how to earn a liv-
ing out of the land, and finally it sets
him down on a well-stocked farm-
stead, with everything to his hand,
and stands by him there till the once
out-of-work is properly on his feet.
This is what the scheme is designed
to do, and what it has done, with
the exception of the last stage, and
that, too, will be accomplished so
soon as the site for the Over-Sea Col-
ony can be agreed upon.

It is something of this kind that
every considerable city must have
somewhere or later; common humanity
demands such a provision, let alone
Christianity. The process may be ex-
pensive, but in the long run not more
so, we think, than the present lack
of system, which no doubt indirectly
produces heavy costs to us all.

Until the municipalities are pre-
pared to take the work in hand, we
respectfully submit that they can in

the aid of the Army, which is admit-
tedly by almost everybody to be spec-
tacularly qualified to deal with this kind
of work, and which can give an ac-
count of itself fully answering to the
claims it puts forward.

FOR 1896.

The closing of the old year and the
dawning of the new reminds us again
of the flight of time. Like travellers
in a fast express, we are being whirled
along. We catch glimpses of sur-
rounding objects as we pass, but they
are soon gone from sight. Day and
night succeed each other and run on
into weeks, and months, and years ere
we are aware. It seems but yester-
day since as children we woke the
echoes with our shouts of childish
glee, when days were like years, and
we looked forward an interminable
distance to manhood; now we stand
mature in life, youth's poetic mirage
has given place to the hard, cold facts
of the great, stunning, selfish, cruel
world, and yonder, just ahead, down
the valley but a short distance, loom
the shadows of that goal to which
all men travel. Many of our compa-
nions have already passed out of
sight in yonder darkness; our turn
must surely come. In view of these
things, what shall we do with our
life during the coming year? Shall
the material things of earth absorb
us? Shall gold, pleasure, fame, am-
bition, self, rule our hearts? What?
A child of time and eternally play with
worldly toys that perish in the us-
ing; trifle with the hard stiffness in
death, and the glazed eyes will no
longer look on earth's vanities, and
then go from his little heaven he
made here into the Great Future a
spiritual bankrupt? Nay, rather let
us one and all yield up ourselves to
that highest good, the sincere love
of God, as displayed in whole-hearted
service for the temporal and ever-
lasting salvation of our brother-men;
then, too, others, seeing our good
works, will be won to the Christ we
love, and we shall become rich
towards God, rich with a wealth that
Time cannot destroy and that will
never fade away.



BRIGADIER MILES,
The J. B. Secretary for Great Britain.

In the course of some remarks on
the claims of the children upon us,
we find the following:-

"When I was in Glasgow six little
girls were brought up for drunkenness
and indecent language. Four of them
were kept in prison for four days, and
the other two were released, not be-
cause they were innocent, but be-
cause they were too young to con-
vict."

"I have had handed to me a slip
which stated that upon the streets
of Liverpool in one year 2,376 child-
ren were taken up by the police drunk
—113 being under ten years of age."

"While conducting a series of
meetings at Weymouth, on my walk
home on Sunday night along the
promenade, I heard dozens of appar-
ently 'respectable,' well-educated girls
using the most abominable language.
There are in Great Britain mil-
lions of children that never enter a
Sunday school. And then, too, the re-
ligious aspect is only one side of this
gigantic question."

"The children of our Territory, tho'
not perhaps so bad as some of the
above, are nevertheless equally as
much in need of our help. The great
question of '06 is the children. They
must be saved. Will you help us?"

Mrs. Commandant C. S. Notes. Booth At Owen Sound.

RE-OPENING OF BARRACKS

MRS. BOOTH, after many pressing
invitations, has paid a visit to the
pleasant town of Owen Sound. The
First Methodist church was placed at
her disposal, and a large and appre-
ciative audience greeted her. Salva-
tionists and friends drove in from sur-
rounding corps as many as thirty and
forty miles. The chair was taken by
J. Miller, Esq., a staunch and reli-
able friend of the Army. The Rev. A.
Brown expressed his pleasure in be-
ing able to place the church at the
disposal of a visitor so distinguished.

The visit was on the occasion of
the re-opening of the barracks, after
undergoing thorough renovation.

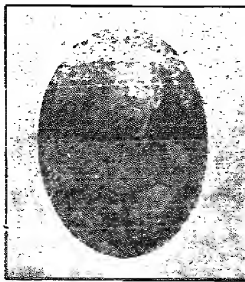
Mrs. Booth held the audience there
a long and interesting account of the
Social and Rescue operations of the
Army in England, and more especially
in Canada. By her pointed anecdotes,
her statistics, with their marvellous
force, but more especially by her sym-
pathy of her attentive listeners, to
some of whom, no doubt, the Army
appeared in a light they had never
viewed it before.

Mrs. Booth commented on the un-
tiring efforts of Ensign Green and his
aides, who have worked with zealous
energy to produce the excellent
improvement in the hall. May it be
the scene of the salvation of a great
multitude of men and women, who
shall have cause to praise the Lord
for the day when the new barracks
was opened to the glory of God in
the name of the Salvation Army.

Preceding the meeting at the First
Methodist Church, a most successful
bazaar was held at the barracks,
which did much credit to the friends
and soldiers providing.

The press inserted full and kindly
accounts of the meetings.

MURRAY, FOR THE LIGHT BRIGADE!



Brother Bailey, of Brampton.

"He has done splendidly this quar-
ter. He is the agent for Chateaufort
and Huttonville, has 22 boxes out,
and at the last collection they con-
tained \$613, only one being empty.
This was an average of 48 cents per
box, which is not at all bad. I wish
I had a hundred agents like him—we
would beat the record." God bless
Bro. Bailey and his hallelujah family!

There is no burden which, if we lift
it cheerfully, and bear it with love
in our heart, will not become a bless-
ing to us. God means our tasks to
be our helpers heavenward. To
shrink from a duty, or to refuse to
bend our shoulders to receive a load,
is to decline a new opportunity for
growth.—J. H. Miller.

The Commandant is on furlough!
He has been talked into a short re-
pite from active work for the first
time since assuming the directorate
of the Canadian Army. Had it not
been that important business called
him to International Headquarters,
it is safe to say that at this hour he
would be on the grid-iron of hard,
complicated business.

To-day we are informed that he has
been compelled, much against his will,
to add a few extra days to his fur-
lough. The "St. Paul," by which his
passage was booked, has been delayed
owing to an accident to her machinery.
This will necessitate his sailing
by another steamer three days later.
To a busy man like the Commandant,
three precious days off the field of
battle is anything but pleasant. If
we give vent to our feelings, we
should say we are very glad of it.
We should scarcely venture to say so
to his face, but he is so far from
us we will risk it. Six months' fur-
lough, instead of one, would be more
in keeping with the requirements of
the case.

Mrs. Booth, I regret, is very poorly.
Very several important appoint-
ments have had to be abandoned, by
the doctor's special instructions.
Though not confined to her bed, she
suffers considerably from it. We are
very anxious about her. It is the
duty of every lover of the Army to
pray for her restoration. Meanwhile
she gives unrelaxing attention to the
administration of affairs during the
Commandant's absence.

Major Morris, after an absence from
England of eight years, has accom-
panied the Commandant on a brief
visit. He is looking forward with
eagerness to seeing once more his aged
mother, who has well-nigh seen the
summers of a century. God bless the
old lady who gave us Major Morris
for the Army. This reminds me that
he himself has gone not one but two
better than that, for already three
of his boys are actively engaged in
pushing on the glorious war. Due to
the accountant at Headquarters, an-
other is secretary to the Chief Sec-
retary, while the third is an assistant
in the Trade department. Mrs. Mor-
ris, too, is an active officer, and a
useful adviser to the Major.

Major Collier has had his duties
somewhat extended. In addition to
the Social Secretaryship, which pos-
ition he has held for some time past,
the Commandant has appointed him
Pool Auditor. This post will give
him a wide range of oversight. The
office is an important one, and will
fill a long-felt want at the Territorial
Headquarters.

A small staff change will take ef-
fect at the first of the year. It will
take in Kingston, Barrie, Hamilton,
the Tramps, and several other places.
There are rumors of a no less impor-
tant change at H. Q. Every officer
should know where his cap hangs, in
readiness for a sudden call.

HERE'S A GOOD 'UN!

Has any band or troupe in the Do-
minion raised more money for Self-
denial than Montreal L. brass band?
They brought in \$110 for 13 men,
gathered within 12 days.

Has any sister done better than
Mollie Lewis, of Montreal? She is
over 70 years old, and her collection
during the twelve days reached \$65.
Her latest single donation was \$2.

Have any other twelve soldiers this
side of Winnipeg beaten the record of
the same number picked from Mon-
treal L., whose subscriptions totaled
\$248? No Field, Divisional, or Pres-
ential Officers to be amongst the
number.

Fraud counterfeits money, and the
devil counterfeits Christianity.



N B—This article
has been printed at the
last that presents of b
rather than disappear
for its usefulness.—L.L.

(Continued from the

THE DEMO

"I shall not disbe-
lieve the grain I
begin to speak, I
ed my testimony. I
in dealing with my
proach them early
revel my identity
to my attention. I
approach my pro-
pleasure and with-
draw. It is worth-
while that the biggest
pains with the 20
years I win them
by appeal to senti-
ment later on I rule the
many things. No
than I for in my
youth and the best
the bridegroom gar-
flowers of his garden
chamber of his bride
married with the ho-
mogeneity, watch I
touch, and send it
venge of hell. It is
my operations, too
be carried on under
circumstances. All
of men bow down
Great is my suc-
cess of broken he-
more perfect than
ever. I strike his
forces of body, mind

THE STOKES

fell every time. T
of their keenness, a
fountains of the s
parade the intell
and cut off the bot-
sands in the land
prospects of some
men, and when the
was full, I have to
their glory into sh
a little touch the
ships, and fill the
and discontent.
achievements, let
that none can com-
which I have atre
a scythe warrant
harvest fields of t
green. I am the g
young. Other don
of looking after the
I devour the fruit
"Having thus
my name in pla
"Lost." There I
which I fear, one
I have ought to
the audience and
Cross."

THE ANGEL

"And because th
the next witness,
wings were white
here in this polle
"Blessed are the
they shall see God
creatures of the
Reck Impure. Out
perverted mind c
and lawful use of
for describing gray
in heart all
cause in all things
design of their f
That Father rules
sanctifies every
overruled by the
Al-Wise and Al-
in heart full pre-
securing the sup-
the race. And so
the earth elevates
that grant be, R

**THE BATTLE BETWEEN THE EMISSARIES OF HEAVEN
AND HELL!**

BY THE COMMANDANT.

N. B.—This article was written hurriedly two years ago, but was not finished. It would never have been printed at all in its present form as I don't consider it worthy of the theme, but for the fact that pressure of business has prevented my writing the intended contribution for the Xmas Org. which rather than disappoint the Editor, and at the urgent request of others, I send it forth with prayers for its usefulness.—E. H. B.

(Concluded from the Christmas Cry.)

THE DEMON OF LUST.

"I shall not disclose my name," continued the grim monster who now came to speak, "till I have completed my testimony. It is a way I have learned from my victims. I appreciate them early in life, when to me my identity would be ruinous to my intention. Hence it is that I have made my prey in the garb of a monk, and with a colorless faceless one. It is worthy of observation that the biggest part of my business is done with the young. In the early morning I win them by allurement and I appeal to sentiment. In the afternoon I rule them with a whip of words. No deed is too heinous for me to do. No deed is too heinous for me to do. I hold them by the length of my shadow. As

and I will garden to disburse the
 number of his lights, so that I might
 be like with the flower of this world's
 vanity, and watch it wither under my
 hand, and send it as fuel for the re-
 of hell. It is characteristic of
 operations, too, that they many
 married on under all sorts of cir-
 cumstances. All kinds and conditions
 bow down to my sceptre.
 It is my success in the manufac-
 of broken heads. No higher
 of the world than the vulgar
 I strike blow at the infu-
 of body, mind and spirit.

THE STROKES OF MY HAMMER

every time. They rob the senses
 of keenness, and dry up the very
 of the soul. I take it

THE STROKES OF MY HAMMER

every time. They rob the senses of their keenness, and dry up the very springs of the soul. I it is who enlighten the intellects of thousands, I am content of the hopes of tens of thousands in the land. I have spoiled the prospects of some of the greatest of us when their cup of pollution is full, I have turned in one instant into a man of straw. I have with my touch the lightest of us, and fill the earth with distress and discontent. But of all my misdeeds, let it be understood, none can compare with that to which I have already alluded. I have been warranted to cut down the forest of the world's evils, and I have cut down the forest of the world's good. Other demons have the duty of making the sheep; I have the duty of making the lambs.

having thus introduced myself, began in plain Anglo-Saxon Latin: "There is but one power which I fear, one influence of which we ought to be afraid: that is influence and the power of the press."

THE ANGEL OF PURITY

[illegible]

the minds of men that more gratification of appetite is true happiness.

"Stay! I cry to the young, who go forth unshooped to the slaughter. Stay and consider, I pray you. Appetites are the means to greater ends. You eat to live, not live to eat. Otherwise, what gluttony you are become. Would you not like to get greater satisfaction of your desires? Have them only for the good purposes for which they have been given you. Then indeed shall you know that realist of all gratifications, the consciousness that your harque on the sea of life, vested with such marvellous capacities for good or evil, is well steered, and

WELL UNDER CONTROL,

making the utmost possible headway in the course of right doing."

"My declination is not without witness," I beck it up. I come from homes made civil with the sweetest of relationships, and resounding with the melody of healthy and virtuous children. I dwell with men who prove their fitness to rule others by the way they manner themselves; intellects clear and clean, bodies healthy and strong, and their lives well followed in the wake of my journeyings; I love unquailed by selfishness, hopes undestroyed by unfaithfulness, families unbroken by profanity! These are the mounts of the earth where I love to linger."

THE DEMON OF PRIDE

There was no mistaking the character of the most speaker, who alighted on the Tribune with a bearing that was the embodiment of conceit.

"Irisle is my name," he commenced, "but my nature is almost too subtle to explain. I assume all the forms of evil, and I am everywhere in the presence of all kinds of evil, and get myself entangled in almost every kind of knot. The business of destruction is reduced by me to a fine art. I have a thousand modes of breaking in upon the minds of men. My influence is prodigious, and my secrets are too numerous to tell. If it were not so gloriously, to observe the heterogeneity of the crowd that comes

after me. No one would imagine there could be found in the service of his Britannic Majesty some of the individuals who belong to my crew. For instance, I ninko a specificity of levaility. I capture heaps of quereens this way. No one knows better than I that nothing is so flattering as to be thought humble. On that account I run the mock humility policy with great vigor. I call on a religiously-inclined soul, and reason

"You would be esteemed and thought great and good. Of course you would. Then be sure you make the impression on everybody how humble you are. Always speak of your wanting to be nothing, and your 'poor weak dust,' and your 'worthless insignificance.' Others will note your sanctity.

AND TALK OF YOU UP TOWN,
and you will get to be quite revered.' 'Many a supposed saint,' said the demon, with a giggle, 'have I hooked with that bait. But it is useless to attempt describing in detail my following. They are too numerous, and too mixed. There are the legions who follow the fashions and the other legions who make them, because, you must remember, no fashions could exist were there no pride to demand them, and doubtless it is as wicked a thing to pander to that pride as

[illegible]

A SENSE OF DIABOLICAL SATISFACTION

when I saw so many evidences in the world which prove the propensity to which I have brought my art."

"There are the poor, taking money that ought to go for their children's education; there are the soldiers, the tolling multitudes, who throw away hard-earned wages for the latest thing that glitters. There are the wealthy, yielding thousands for the most trifling and useless pleasures; and there are the millions who spend a quarter of a life-time before the mirror in self-inspection. Really, to behold the anxious care, the vexation, the spirit, the exercise of the human mind, the incessant toil, expended by my followers in the pursuit of fashion, one would think I had succeeded in bringing them to believe it were preferable to be damned than to be saved."

"One word about another weapon I always find most effective. I never forget to flatter. I find it the very fuel of pride. Such is the instinct of the human mind that it will follow all you go down before adoration. Flatter them, they are like lions; flatter them, they become lambs. Therefore, in my trappings through the earth I pour out my flatteries. To the noblest I say, 'How brave! How good! How great!' To the lowly, 'How good! How great!' To the preacher, 'How eloquent!' To the scholar, 'How profound!' To the boy, 'How brave!' To the true, 'How good!' To the good, 'How good!' To the woman, 'How good!' To the young man, 'How good!' To the pretty, 'How good!' In conclusion, I would point out how easy it would be to test the accuracy of my declaration. Go to the streets of every great city; they will find me right. Go to the great success. Go to the sanctuaries; they are the exhibition houses of my handiwork. Go to the press—aye, even the religious press!—on their pages you will find my advertisements. I am known to all, and patronized by most."

THE ANGEL OF HUMILITY,

With a simple and unostentatious air, the Angel of Humility began —

"Who shall measure the wickedness and folly of those who attempt to adorn the body at the expense of the soul? What, after all, is the body? A vessel for a moment, a vessel in which for a time is lodged the spirit of immortality. What are bodily adornments, but the trappings of vanity? Whence did they come? Where did they begin? Thy robes are made of vanity, and vanity is the root of all which cries for a covering. Had there been no sin, no wrong, no pollution, you would have needed no robes to hide your nakedness. Why, then, this miserable attempt to decorate your nakedness with the trappings of vanity? All sin none is greater, because none more foolish and fatal than pride. Vanity destroys in the mind the very basis of true education. It is looking at yourself from a false standpoint — at yourself as a false person. Can anything be more dangerous than to be deceived — anything more dangerous than to be deceived? Being vain, you cannot perceive yourself as you are. Your hopes are founded on vanity. Everything you are doing, everything, you are nothing — everything, in reality you are poor, and naked, and blind and thus enmeshed in the impertinences of your conceits,

you give yourself to laughter when you did you see the truth, you would turn to mourning your loathsomeness.

"Your pride, too, closes the avenues through which mercy could come to help so much needed of soul. Who offers succor to the self-sufficient? Who renders help to the needless? Neither will God approach the proud nor will He befriend the hypocrite who craves the suicide of slumping those who deny by the dictate of fraud? WHY do you willingly add your sin to the sins of a company unobtainable? Thus it is, I tell you, that you are in the state of 'self-sufficiency,' said the angel, 'but most of my converts are made in the night of adversity and among the disappointed and broken in spirit, recruit my followers. So I tell you, that I am the lack of love, so that I am the better able to let in the light of eternity. By the side of all who suffer you may find me. I am the light of the world, and by grief, to the spirits saddened by disappointment I deliver my message thus: 'Who are you?' I ask. 'You are a flower of the field that to-day is a weed in the sunshine and to-morrow

LIES WITHERED IN THE DUST.

Who are you? You are the voice of
one crying in the wilderness; your
speech is audible here for a time, then
silent forever. Who are you? You
are a man of sin and pearl, both of
which are perished in the dust, in
which theasket is destroyed and the
pearl preserved. Who are you? You
are a bird of passage, traversing without
weary wing a continent of time,
stretching between two eternities,
between the dawn and the dusk of
time. Who are you? A pilgrim,
who knows not the track he travels
or where his journey will end. You
are here, but were not consulted as to
your coming. You know you shall go
hence, but not at your own bidding,
but at the bidding of the Lord. Your
glings for the admiration of those
about you? The praises of men
cannot take through the portals of
death. Your devices for winning
smiles you shall lay down to the
dust. You shall have your reward,
but shall you return. Obedient to God's
dictate you entered this scene, obedient
to His bidding you go hence.
Would it not, therefore, benefit you
to see to it that you may have the
approval of the Heavenly Father?
The approval of you? The approval of
Jesus?"

How He Got \$10.

The following letter explains itself. Walter Peacock is the lad who helps read proofs and is basted about many things in the editorial and printing rooms. The letter came into the editor's hands through Walter, and the incident seems too good to let slip without recording.

Walter Peacock, City.

My Dear Water,—I received your note asking for a donation towards the target for the Junior S.-D. fund. I am pleased to notice the interest you take in the children's warfare, and as a token that my sympathy for it is not only in expression and principle, but in practice, I shall place TEN DOLLARS towards your target with much pleasure.

Praying that God may teach you
and guide you, and make you the use-
ful man I know you desire to become.
I remain, yours in our glorious war-
fare,
CORNELIE BOOTH.

Grape Shot.

WE are made of the very same kind of clay as the people we do not like.

If you have asked God for anything
wait in patience for the answer to
your prayer.

The cross of Christ is the life of all true communion with God, and those who draw nearest to God best know the mystery of the cross.

Christ's work is the light, life, joy,
glory, and presence of Heaven.

The law of Nature, the law of Moses, and a complete Gospel, are so many refuges of lies which men flee to for salvation, instead of coming to the cross of Christ.

A GOOD 'UN

or troupe in the Do-
ro money for Sif-
trent I. brass band?
1 \$140 for 13 men
12 days.
r done better than
Montreal? She is
d, and her collection
o days reached \$85.
o donation was \$2.
twelve soldiers this
benton the record of
r picked from Mon-
subscriptions totalled
Division, or Pre-
be amongst the

lost money, and the
Christianity.

Headquarters' Happenings

By the bursting of a steam valve on board the American Line steamer St. Paul, at Pier 14, North River, five men were scalded to death, and five others were so badly scalded that they had to be taken to the hospital. This delayed the Commandant's departure from New York by about three days.

Bursting open an envelope which lay on the editorial desk, we spied a dainty white card with silver letters, "Doss"—"Hills." On further unfolding, we found an invitation to the wedding of the above-named, and the text, "Jesus! That in all things He might have the preeminence." May God prosper and specially bless the two when they are one.

New Cadets! Mrs. Ensign Matthey, Linsley, a lassie; Mrs. Captain Stahlforth, Huntsville, another lassie, and Mrs. Captain Fisher, Galt, a lassie again.

Promotions: Ensign Stewart, Montreal, to Adjutant; Captain Adams, Trade, to Ensign; Captain Cowley, Ottawa, to Ensign; and Lieut. Parks, Toronto, to Captain. Congratulations all round!

The Hurricane's Band collected \$50 for S.-D. while on the train.

In answer to a letter from our worthy Trade Secretary, asking a certain person to pay up and look big, a postcard with the following was received:

Dear Comrade—
St. Matthew, xviii, 29.
Everybody look it up!

Another wedding! You all know big Captain Crawford, eh? Well, he'll be at Riverside about New Year's, and also Captain L—. Look out for reports. Much happiness to both parties.

INVALIDS. Ensign Gibbs and Scott are on a month's furlough. Captain Cremona and Lieut. Westover are recovering. The Lieutenant struck her arm while working a pump and had to undergo an operation.

The frequenters of the Toronto Shelter are being treated to a free Christmas dinner. The business houses have liberally given a great deal of assistance, both in cash and kind.

There is a Staff and Field change in the Central, affecting 25 corps.

RESCUE changes: Adjutant Cowan to London, Adjutant Stewart to Parkdale, Ensign Cowden to Montreal, and Ensign Ward to Ottawa.

Practical! Mr. Bullock, of St. John, N. B., has offered to give \$1,800 towards the purchase of a Rescue Home in that city. God bless him!

It will no doubt interest our readers to know that the individual who forms the subject of our front page story is now occupying the trust-worthy position of ensigner and book-keeper at one of our Social Institutions for men in the Dominion, and is doing well.



AN OLD TIMER.

Adjutant Manton, now busily employed in the Trade Office, told us this morning he was the first commissioned bandman in the Army in Canada, and the first to beat an Army drum over the toll. Hurrah for the pioneer!

INTERNATIONALISMS.

The latest candidate in Gaunpola, Ceylon, was, before his conversion, a famous devil-dancer.

Re-inforcements are being sent to assist Adjutant Ellis in his last developing work in Gibraltar.

A home for factory girls is being opened in Christiania, Norway, similar to the one in Stockholm, Sweden.

In the Wido Bay District, Australia, Brigadier Jeffries recently swore in seven colored people, two of whom were aboriginals and the rest South Sea Islanders.

Holland's Self-Denial total this year amounted to about \$5,000.

In India, seven of our Blue soldiers are going out as officers.

Denmark is sending two lassie officers to help in the Iceland warfare.

An influx of fifteen years' standing has been converted in British Guiana.

Marston, a city of 32,000 inhabitants, is among the latest openings in Denmark.

The British warship Magdeleine has a crew that is partly made up of Salvationists.

At an anti-drink demonstration conducted in Newmarket, England, eighteen converted drunkards were on the Army platoon, who represented 880 years of drunkenness. All were brought to Jesus in the Army.

There are now over 500 soldiers on the roll in British Guiana, and Adjutant Whigley reports an attendance of over 300 at the weekly soldiers' meeting. Pliny and feathers are fast giving way for uniform.

A couple in Salto, Argentina, who were living together unmarried, brought their child to the Army to be baptized. The officers explained that they must be saved first themselves. Their true position then came out; they got saved, the child was dedicated, and they are now legally married.

Park City, California, has been successfully opened by the S. A. Crowds come to the ball.

The J. S. war in South Africa is receiving much attention. Commissioner Ross is determined to get up a real solid work.

Captain Brink, of Capetown II, has a regular audience of military people from the farthest north. Many of these soldiers have been captured.

Ensign Samson is a champion War Cry hooper in South Africa. He averages 233 per week.

STATE NEWS.

At Sea Cliff, N.Y., the Captain kept the prayer meeting going so far into the night that the lamps went out for lack of oil. At the close six souls were able to testify to the mercy of a new-found Saviour.

The soldiers of San Francisco II. are holding on alone in the absence of officers. During two weeks twenty souls have been saved and War Cry and finances kept up.

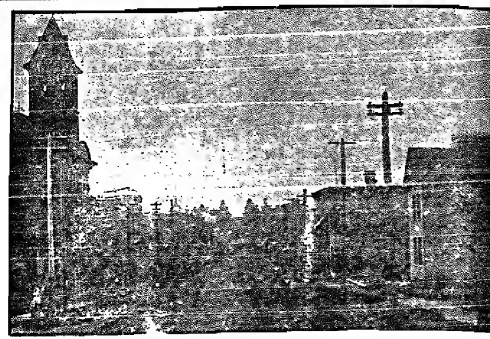
Ensign McFee has secured the Wigwam Theatre, San Francisco, for the Christmas dinner for the poor; the Spring Valley Water Company, which owns the building, having kindly lent it for the occasion.

Rockville, Conn., has had no officers for a long time, and was practically closed by headquarters, but the soldiers have gone right along with the work. The meetings have been held regularly, War Cry boomed, and God is blessing the workers. Two of the soldiers are women, aged 80 and 65 years.

At the request of the principal, Joe the Turk recently visited the public schools in Cleveland, Ohio, and sang and played several Salvation Army songs for the scholars. The children were much interested in Joe's clarionette, cornet, and saxophone.

Nearly all the ministers of New London, Conn., attended the meeting held in connection with the opening of a new Army hall in that city.

Brigadier Fielding is taking a large hall near the centre of Chicago, in which will be conducted monster



CHESLEY MAIN STREET.

noon-day holiness meetings once a week.

A man who tried to commit suicide some time ago recently attended a meeting at San Francisco I, where he became convinced of his sin. Before the meeting closed he knelt at the penitent-form, and arose a new man in Christ Jesus.

Comrade Wikstrom, who runs a printing office in San Francisco, has been in the habit of placing a War Cry in his shop window each week. A young man gave a bright testimony at San Francisco VI. to the fact that he had been saved through reading it through the glass from the sidewalk.

Captain White, in charge of an Eastern corps, recently arranged a special meeting, and announced far and near that on a certain night he would expose the biggest liar in town. One day, before the meeting, a man drove up and asked upon the Captain telling him if it was he who was to be exposed. He said that if his name was given out he would bring suit for damages against the Army for at least \$5,000. He went away, relieved when the Captain told him that it was not he but the devil who was to be exposed as the biggest liar. Conscience compels people to know themselves.

SOUL-SAVING.

A Word for 1896, from Ensign Holman, of the Women's Shelter, Toronto.

Many times I hear people say that they wonder why more sinners do not get converted, but I do not look at it in a strange light at all. It is simply because the Great Light is dim in their own hearts, and their minds are blind through unbelief, etc. Sometimes I think I would like to see all those that do not live in the light of full salvation and have not the fire of the Spirit within, instead of finding fault with sinners for not coming.

WAIT FOR A PENTECOST:

The result would be better, and let those who are alive to God go ahead and bring in the sheaves. In the Rescue work, I find the very same power is required there, and the same error is needed. Oftentimes while in this work I have been thankful to God that I learnt the way.

TO WAIT ON GOD

Before coming into it, I find I never fails. I have been stirred from the depth of my heart to see the lives of those whom the Lord had intended to be pure and good, who have defiled by sin so low that without the light of Jesus would shine in there could be no earthly remedy. It is quite easy for some people to stand off and say, "Why don't they pick themselves up, and do different," and "I have no sympathy for such people at all," but I would like to know where some of our readers to-day might have been had not God wisely dealt with them and surrounded them by kind associates and kind friends, who loved them always, no matter how great a sin they may have been. I find the best way to lead others right is by living in the light ourselves, and keep the fire burning within.

ENSIGN MAGGIE HOLMAN.

BATTLE ECHOES FROM ALL LANDS.

Commissioner McKie is visiting International Headquarters as regards the affairs of Germany.

We understand that the Chief-Staff is engaged upon a review of the Social Work for the Year.

Commissioner Cadman's daughter, Staff-Capt. Cadman, has just been married to Staff-Capt. Clinton.

Since the starting of the General's Social Scheme, the London, England, Slatters have provided beds for 4,900,000 persons.

At a little hardly distilling town in Denmark, called Hboro, the only brand of tea sold at the Railway Refreshment Rooms is S. A. tea. It is highly popular.

Several changes and advances have been determined upon in Belgium, where there seems as good prospect of accomplishing as satisfactory and important work amongst the French population as has already commenced among the French.

All should pray just now for Colonel and Mrs. Lawley. Another severe domestic blow has fallen upon them. Mrs. Lawley having just lost her mother. It is less than twelve months ago that we recorded the death of her father.

We have a corps in Malmberget, Lapland, fifty miles inside the Arctic Circle. It has been opened less than a year, but a glorious work has been commenced among the iron miners, nearly 100 of whom are soldiers. A splendid hall has been built, purposely for the Army, which is the only society in the settlement.

It is said that the Army, by its work among the Maoris of New Zealand, has materially assisted in preserving the maintenance of the Maori tongue, which was fast dying out through disease. This extraordinary fact is accounted for by the Army's practical use of the Bible, which has been translated into Maori.

The Chief of Pondoland, South Africa, recently attended a Salvation Army meeting, and was so much interested that he requested the officers to hold another next day. It was held in the court-yard before a large crowd of natives. The chief was on hand and had his secretary interpret every word into the Pondoland language. The meeting was held in the village of Kokstad, South Africa, where the chief was visiting. He is going back to his land to tell his tribe all about it, and we may soon expect a call for officers to open our work in Pondoland.

A short time ago a dispirited young man, of a pugilistic turn of mind, knelt at the penitent form in Worcester, South Africa, and got beautifully converted. He had previously been a terror to the community, and when the chief constable heard that he had joined the Salvation Army, he was so pleased that he promised the captain that he would give her five shillings for the work. A note to him from Capt. Modin tells us that the young man is going on well, that the chief constable has cheerfully paid up the five shillings, and has expressed his willingness to give five shillings for every such capture made by the Army, as it saves trouble. See also policeman.

West Ontario Province

GALT—Victory! victory! is song we sing. Just closed one of our best weeks of our experience. The Juniors' Jubilee a success. We had recitations, dialogues, a brass and string band selections, speeches. Serjeant-Major Egerton serves credit for the way she is working with the children. We all God prosper the Junior work—Jo.

NORWICH—We have had E. Miller and Self-Denial Praying with us for Saturday and Sunday. Norwich, and also at two of the lages. We had to work. Good lines. Very good collections—Rowie, Capt.

TIEDFORD—We arrived here few weeks ago, just in time to into Self-Denial harness. We have warm-hearted little band of soldiers who are one with us in this effort. A kind Roman Catholic friend of ours took a collection and raised the neat sum of \$5.10. God bless him! Our has sought Christ since coming—Capt. Branigan.

THUNDERBOLT—We have had beautiful times of late. A few have been saved. The meetings good all day Sunday. Five can for sanctification—Capt. and Clark.

LONDON—Our half-past five drills have been well attended, blessed by God. The Life of Booth, on Thursday, was a success. The people were pleased with service. Sunday's battle equipt at 6 a.m., and three souls yielded the strings of the Spirit at Monday night topped it all. A full-length wedding. George of Wardsville, and Clara. At Lewis, of London corps, were for God and the war. A good was present to witness the pings. Ensign Creighton sang. Adjutant Taylor read the lesson gave some straight talk to soldiers. Adjutant Turner then the Army rules in regard to marriage. The contracting parties took forward. Sister Susan Chamberlain as bridesmaid, Lieut. G. S. groomsmen. The knot was the man and wife testified. The tant asked the bridegroom if he loved married life. He said, "and I'm glad to be here." He hope and pray that he will enjoy married life, and that God bless the union and make it a power for good in the salve—G. S. for Ensign Ritchie.

SMITH—Our esteemed comrade, Berlin Thompson, has been in a postal report of the Self-Denial Brigade tour. We sorely compelled to deny ourselves the pleasure of reading the lack of space. Keep believing, ruler! They travelled over 100 in the district, in charge of Miller, and had some glorious

East Ontario Province

PERTH—Thank God for our troops are marching on. Denial target knocked end-most doubled. One soul for salvation on Sunday afternoon, and other notorious drunkard got at hand practice. Here's a testimonial from ex-drunkards: Friends, I suppose you have seen the circus, but this is only show to what it will be. Get saved. The more the Thursday night they sent the game! Friday night I took the Saturday night I got born, and Sunday I was a soldier. One drunk, speaking saved pal, said he had passed rifle and shot the sword, and he has to do to keep it. People and Bless, C.O.'s.

WATERLOO, T.O.—Trains are able to report one soul and the Army. Adjutant M. with lantern. An "out-of-march" with the Saturday convert to the front with Self-Denial target reached. J. W. Williams, Captain.

PETERBORO—Saturday all day Sunday we had with train and Mrs. Larter. We their visit very much. At been meeting three stepped o

West Ontario Province.

GALT.—Victory! victory! is the song we sing. Just closed one of the best weeks of our experience. Our Juniors' Jubilee a success. Those who took part deserve special praise. We had recitations, dialogues, solos, brass and string band selections, and speeches. Sgt.-Major Egerton deserves credit for the way he is working with the children. We all pray, God prosper the Junior work.—Joe.

NORWICH.—We have had Esau Miller and Self-Denial Preaching Gang with us for Saturday and Sunday, at Norwich, and also at two of the villages. We had to work. Good meetings, very good collections.—Irene and wife, Capt.

THIRD FORD.—We arrived here some few weeks ago, just in time to drop into Self-Denial houses. We have a very hearty little band of soldiers, who are one with us in this effort to lift the fallen. A kind Roman Catholic friend of ours took a collecting card and returned the next little sum of \$5.00. God bless him! One soul has sought Christ since coming here.—Capt. Drangman.

THIRSONBURG.—We have had some beautiful times of late. A few souls have been saved. The meetings were good all day Sunday. One soul out for sanctification.—Capt. and Mrs. Clark.

LONDON.—Our half-past five knedolls have been well attended, and blessed by God. The Life of Mrs. Booth, on Thursday, was a success. The people were pleased with the service. Sunday's battle commenced at 6 a.m., and three souls yielded to the strivings of the Spirit at night. Monday night topped it all. We had a beautiful wedding, George Scott, of Wardville, and Clara Augusta Lewis, of London corps, were united for God and the war. A good crowd was present to witness the proceedings. Esau Miller sang a solo. Adjutant Taylor read the lesson, and gave some straight talk to suit the occasion. Adjutant Turner then read the Army rules in regard to marriage, told the contracting parties to stand forth, Sister Sarah Chisholm acting as bridesmaid, Lieut. G. Smith as groomsmen. The knot was tied, then man and wife testified. The Adjutant asked the bridegroom if he enjoyed married life. He said, "I do, and I'm glad to be here." We all hope and pray that he will always enjoy married life, and that God will bless the union and make them a power for good in the salvation of souls.—G. S. for Esau Miller.

SHILOH.—Our esteemed correspondent, Bertha Thompson, has sent us in a poetical report of the Shiloh Self-Denial Brigade tour. We are absolutely compelled to deny our readers the pleasure of reading this "three" of space. Keep believing, comrades! They travelled over 100 miles in the district, in charge of Esau Miller, and had some glorious times.

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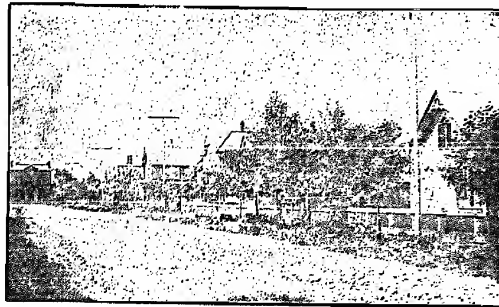
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A STREET SCENE IN DILLON, MONT.

This work is encouraging here. One of the worst drunkards and tobacco users got saved. After using tobacco 35 years, he gave it up for Jesus, and now tells people to try the salvation cure. One saloon has closed, and there

are more to follow. Between the high license which the city put upon the liquor dealers here the last week, and the Salvation Army, he went through, and had to shut up.—E. Brierly, Capt.

PROMISES. Hallelujah! In the afternoon we had the red man from the north and his wife. High times, you may be sure. Two souls came to Jesus at the close. At night a powerful time. Four souls at the cross.—Sergeant May Lang.

KINGSTON.—Last Sunday afternoon Major Morris took the meeting previous to his going on a business trip to England. He was in his usual happy mood and between him and the brass band the long line of march was almost an unbroken strain of music and song. Inside the hall, the meeting was in boiling pitch. The Major read from Isaiah xxxv, and asked those present how many hearts were made glad by these verses, and proceeded to sing up verse after verse well seasoned by pungent and original remarks. The testimonies were not frozen, or even cool. Sergeant Mrs. Babcock showed up "Cory" the Major danced, and the crowd sang. Staff Captain Southall spoke about the journey of life to eternity, and Mrs. Morris urged everyone present not to get depressed on that journey. May God bless the Major on his trip, and bring him safely home to us again, and we will give him a real Kingston welcome back.—W. Little, Esq.

HUNTINGDON.—We have just celebrated our fourth anniversary in this place; also the anniversary of the opening of the new barracks. We had with us Captain Brady and Fletcher to lead on the war. Saturday night we had a musical meeting. Sunday afternoon and night, real religion. Good crowds. Monday night Captain Pickler gave us a short sketch of his life's history, which brought before us once more the great power of God to lift a man from a life of degradation. We enjoyed the visit of our comrades very much, and trust we shall have the pleasure of meeting with them again.—(No Name).

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Central Ont. Province.

PARRY SOUND.—Quarters broken into while officers were away collecting for Self-Denial and a bag of vegetables deposited beside the stove. Meetings good all day Sunday. At night two souls triumphed in the crimson flood. Both good cases. Hallelujah wind-up. Officers and soldiers cheering happy.—Magpie.

LISGAR STREET.—We have had the Blood and Fire Brigade with us. Splendid meetings. Our hearts were sad, for we lost one of our brightest "Sunshines" in Sister Fanny Powers. She farewelled for the field. But our loss will be the Army's gain. On Sunday we had Major Complin with us. Good meetings all day. Come again, Major.—C. H. Brown, R.C.

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

DILLON, MONT.—We are still marching on here and gaining ground on the enemy. This week we have induced three of his followers to leave his service and enter the ranks of the blood-washed through, who are fighting for King Jesus. Still there's more to come. Hallelujah!—E. Brierly, Captain.

MISSOULA, MONT.—The heavenly gates are blowing blinding with them the fragrance of the celestial country. This was our Monday night's experience. Mother Wesley is so old and infirm she cannot go to meetings, so we decided to have a meeting at her home. Mother said in her testimony she had not been to a meeting for four years, but the dear Lord had not left her, but had saved her from her idols. Sunday night the dear Lord pardoned two precious souls and sent them on their way rejoicing. Our Captain is not very tall, but, my! she's got a long reach. She placed our Self-Denial target so high that it almost knocked the courage out of us. Even our D. O. asked if she thought we could hit it. But we went about it in the right way, and—target, did you say? We have smashed it all to pieces. Next year we will have to get a new one.—Your Comrade, for Captain Corlett.

ST. JOHN I.L. NFLD.—We are having good crowds all the week. On Wednesday evening we had a very special Trades Union meeting. It went with a bang, everybody was delighted. At the close two poor vandals came to their Father's home and were welcomed with shouts and dancing.—Lieut. A. G. Brown.

BURN, NFLD.—Burnak for Self-Denial! We shall reach our target. It seemed nothing but defeat at first, but God is making the crooked things straight, and darkness light before us. A visit from Esau Miller and Lieut. Green—the Lord helped the Esau to deal with the people for eternity. We are believing for a smash soon. May God give us a comfortable time, is our prayer.—Annie Kean.

OLD PERIKAN.—Hallelujah! Victory is our motto. Since last report seven precious souls have sought and found mercy. On Friday night we had with us Mrs. Sharp, assisted by Esau Miller. Quite a number came along to hear Mrs. Sharp, it being her first time here, and although feeling very tired, she was able to spend some length of time in dealing out the story of the cross with much earnestness.—Lieut. Shepherd, for Capt. Bradbury.

PELLEY'S ISLAND.—Yesterday week we had one in the Fountain, a Junior. Thursday night we had Esau with us. Two more souls at the cross. One didn't get through, but the other rejoiced that Jesus had pardoned him. Yesterday, Sunday, Esau with us all day. Good times. In the afternoon we had a dedication, and a grand time. At night, although old Sam raged terribly, we had three more from his claws. I tell you, Mr. Editor, we mean war.—Cadet Richard Pugh, for C.G.C.

CARBONAR, NFLD.—Our cry on Sunday night was like that of Joshua: "I will not let thee go except thou bless me." The devil thought to discourage us by sending along some of his agents, but, in spite of it all, our dear Lord, who some time before had given God her heart, but through the curses, and oaths, and blasphemous language her father used because she had done so, fell back, came and knelt at Jesus' feet and cried for mercy. She rose to her feet and gave testimony that God had saved her, and that her father was sorry for what he had done. "Fathers, provoke not your children to wrath." We rejoice over two more souls for the week.—Captain William Parsons.

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E. ECHOES

FROM ALL LANDS.

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East Ontario Province.

PEITH.—Thank God for victory! Our troops are marching on. Self-Denial target knocked end-ways, almost doubled. One soul for sanctification on Sunday afternoon, and another notorious drunkard got saved at hand practice. Here's a couple of testimonies from ex-drinkers: "Well, friends, I suppose you have come to see the crowd, but this is only a side show to what it will be. Come and get saved. The more the merrier. Thursday night they sent the 'press gang' Friday night I took the shilling. Saturday night I got my unit. Sunday night I was a full-fledged soldier." One drunk, speaking of his saved pal, said he had passed the rifle and got the sword, and now all he has to do is to keep it bright. Temple and House, C.O.'s.

WATERLOO, T.O.—Praise God, we are able to report one soul for God and the Army. Adjutant Mages here with him. An "out-of-the-curtain" march, with the Saturday night's convert to the front with colors. Self-Denial target reached. Hallelujah!—J. B. Williams, Captain.

PETERBORO.—Saturday night and all day Sunday we had with us Captain and Mrs. Larzer. We enjoyed their visit very much. At the following meeting three stepped out on the

WESTERN PROVINCE.

EDMONTON.—"Well, Captain, I have called to hear how the War goes in Edmonton. May I ask you a few questions?" "Certainly." "How did you get along with Self-Denial?" "Very good, considering hard times." "What special meetings did you have that week?" "We had a drunkard's Demonstration, Profit and Loss, a singing battle, tenton service on the Bible of Christ, and a Brothers' Meeting." "Do you think the Army is needed here?" "Yes." "Have you any idea why the people won't stay for prayer-meeting?" "I think they are afraid they will get caught in the net." "How is finance? Do you get enough to pay expenses?" "Yes, the corps is free of debt." "Thank you, I guess that will do." "Good night." "Keep and have a word of prayer first."—J. K. Hay, Sergt.

MOOSEJAW.—Praise God for victory. Self-Denial has been a complete success here. Our target was \$75, but over \$100 has been collected. This indeed is victory. We are having good meetings.—J. L. Mudding, for Capt. Dwyer and Lieut. Aulander.

The Bible is always a new book to those well acquainted with it.

STARLIGHT.

A WORD FOR 1896.

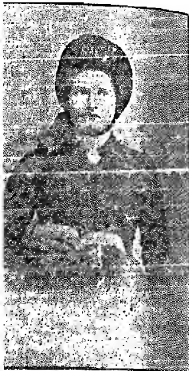
CHRIST is ever present with His people. "Lo, I am with you all way, even unto the end of the world."—Matt. xxviii. 20—is His most sure promise. Let us seek to realize it ever more and more. It has been well remarked that some Christians only enjoy "starlight." They get glimpses of Christ SOMETIME.

That would never satisfy ME. Some, again, have a brighter experience, which may be compared to moonlight: while others bask in the sunshine of Christ's continual presence.

Dear Salvationist comrades, may God's good Spirit enable us to live ever closer and closer to Jesus—enable us to look up into those dear eyes, which are watching over us and guarding us from evil, look up constantly into the blessed face of our Christ, and live in the sunshine of His loving smile. In Jesus, in Jesus alone, is safety, usefulness, happiness.

—The late Maria Simpson.

W.M. ANDREW



EDDIE YOUNG, DETT, MEX.

Stove-Side Stories TOLD IN W.O.P.

BRIGADIER MARGETTES
NO. 1.

with quite an encouragement
or day at — corps. I reached
racks quite early for the morn-
ing. I was a brother, after a
my hand, desired to give in-
formation. It was as follows:
I had not soon forgot that talk
we us on pulling down certain
and building up others. It
me to me. You know, I see
the Lord, in fact was a lea-
r for years, but for a long
ir home has been a very up-
one, and my heart has been
d. However, I made up my
at night I would get right
ed, and in order to do that I
re-erect the family altar, the
of which had caused my down-
fallen the devil had made
and I wouldn't, for no more
entered the door of my home
to misson begin knowing be-
was late, and knocked out
all the good desires and good
me I possessed when I enter-
didn't rest all night, and de-
termined that, cost what it
I would fix it in the morning,
to be at my work at seven-
six-thirty. Now came again,
than ever. I wrestled with
At a quarter to seven sat
breakfast. Well, said, "You'll
breakfast if you start pray-
sah, 'Breakfast or no, I'll get
ary,' and with that went in
o, and then told the wife of
it happened, what I proposed
sought her forgiveness for my
doct, and had just got the
minutes to seven victuals
s went, and God blessed us
I'll say good. But I had to
work without any breakfast
st in time. Had not been
re before the wife came along
breakfast. I ever ate. So
got left. I got salvation and
breakfast, too. Ours is a new
that the old altar of ju-
discontent is taken down, and
one of family worship is
Hallelujah!"

for Margettes has kindly ur-
to supply a series of short
duller to above, in place of
it copy which has appeared
column devoted to the W.O.

dwells to move. It is a great
salvation that Jesus brings.

FOUND!

9 Hollis St., Halifax, N.S.
Editor—A ladies' silver watch
Army cross on the back, was
this city on a public hol-
o time ago. I will send the
o anyone who tells me the
date. A ring with the word
"is attached.

WM. ANDREWS.

THE WAR CRY.

11

THE WEEK'S BUDGET OF SONGS.

Here's a Song for any Meeting
you like.

Sunday Afternoon Corner.

Tunes—"Meet in Hides," B.J. 79; "I'm
believing and receiving," B.J. 63.
I'm a soldier in the fight,
In the war I find delight,
I am happy as can be,
For the Lord has made me free.

Chorus.

I am happy, glad and free,
For the Saviour dwells with me,
I will live His child to be,
And then go home to reign.

I will be a soldier true,
Neath the yellow, red, and blue,
On to conquer I will go,
In His name I'll face the foe.

I will be a soldier brave,
Tell of Jesus' power to save;
Poor, lost, dying souls I'll bring
To the feet of Christ, my King.

—Lieut. Way, Lager Street.

Tune—"The man that broke the bank
at Monte Carlo."

(Sent for the Canadian Cry.)

Just let to me a moment while a
song to you I sing,
For the glory of my King, for the
glory of my King;
Long I wandered on in sin, but the
Saviour took me in,
Now I'm saved and happy, marching
on to Heaven.

Chorus.

I'm as happy as can be, Christ is
everything to me,
He is everything to me. He is every-
thing to me:
Now my many sins are gone, and He
daily leads me on
To that place where He is fitting up
my mansion.

Oh, how well do I remember how I
tramped the downward road,
Very weary of my load, very weary
of my load.

But I came with weary feet to the
cleansing stream so sweet,
And He set me on this hallelujah way.

When His will on earth I've done, and
the final victory's won,
I shall then go shouting home, I shall
then go shouting home;

For I have a home above in the coun-
try of love,
Hallelujah, won't you join this glorious
host with me? —Major Baugh.

For Friday Night and Sunday Morning.

Tunes—"Boston," B.J. 107; "It was
on the cross," B.J. 17; "With
putting heart," B.J. 6; or, "I can,
I do believe in Thee," B.J. 66.

My heart's best love to Thee I
turn,
For grace and power, Thine wilt not
quench;

Oh, fill my heart with Holy Fire,
So in the light I'll never tire.

What if my path down here be rough,
And lonely, too; Thine art enough;
I'll look to Thee, my Friend, my Guide,
I'll lay me in Thy wounded side.

So, plodding on from day to day,
I'll gladly climb the narrow way,
I'll never think of self at all,
For Thee to me art all in all.

Oh, fill me now with love Divine,
For I am, Saviour, only Thine;
Make me in this dark world to shine,
And all the glory shall be Thine.

E. E. CLAXTON.

Tunes—"The wild cowboy," "Lion of
Judah," or "Harvest is passing."

I'll sing of the Fountain
That flows from the mountain
Of Calvary, where Jesus His blood
shed for me;
I'll sing of His healing,
And of His kind dealing
To bring to this Fountain a sinner
like me.

Chorus.

To my heart's highest glory
To sing the sweet story
Of love and salvation so full and so
free.

I cannot regret it,
Nor can I forget it,
This Fountain has washed a poor sin-
ner like me.

This Fountain's a treasure,
Which gives sweetest pleasure,
Its water doth sparkle with love
that's Divine;

Such love that it sought me,
And pled that it brought me
To see that He gave His Own life to
save mine.

This Fountain doth cleanse me,
And gladly it sends me
Along the clear current of His blessed
will;

And while He doth guide me,
No harm can befall me,
With rivers of peace He my spirit
doth fill.

—Brigadier Margettes, London.

For Salvation Meetings Only.

Tunes—"Oh, turn ye," B.J. 86; "The
Lion of Judah," B.J. 60, or "Dear
Jesus, I long," B.J. 66.

How long wilt thou harden thy
heart in thy sin,
When Jesus has offered to now take
you in?

His pleadings refuse, His entreaties to
spurn,
His patience to try and against Him
to turn?

What is thy heartment? It drink
does enslave,
There's freedom, poor sinner! no long-
er despair!

The Saviour is able and willing to
save,
His grace will suffice, and keep thee
always.

Quench not, then, the Spirit, He's
pleading to-day,
Christ offers salvation, oh, turn not
away!

His mercy, forbearance, forgiveness so
free,
Accept, then, to-day, while it's of-
fered to thee.

God says that His Spirit its strivings
shall cease,
He'll laugh at thy fear and deny thy
weak peace;

Take heed to the warning, no longer
delay,
Accept His salvation while yet it is
day.

Chorus.

Tune—"John Brown's body," B.J. 49.

Oh, weary heart, there's rest for
thee,
Come to the Lord to-day;
He only waits to make you free,
And take your sin away.

In tones of love He says to you,
"Oh, do not stay away,
I'll pardon all the past."

Chorus.

Will you come and be forgiven?
While it is called to-day.

Your sins may rise like mountains,
And the devil say, "Don't go,"
But if you come to Jesus
He will wash you white as snow;

So tarry not, but come away, before
it is too late,
He'll pardon all the past.

No one who ever came to Him
Was ever turned away,
He takes the vilest sinners in
And turns their night to day;
Come to the cross and kneel right
down, and there begin to pray,
He'll pardon all the past.
—Capt. E. Kemp, Grafton, N.D.

Salt is no good if it has lost its
savor. It is just the same with the
person who loses Christ.

THE UNKNOWN (1896).

Into the unknown,
That unknown land,
Fearless I venture,
Holding His hand.

Trusting His promise,
Waiting His will,
Kept by His power,
Peaceful and still.

In every danger,
Help He affords;
Living or dying,
I am the Lord's.

—M. Marriott, Toronto.

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New and Large Assortment
added to our Stock.

CHEAPER THAN EVER!

Any Size and Type desired.

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MEN'S
Open Silver Watches.
Stem Wind, Waltham Move-
ment.

\$8, \$9, and \$16.

LADIES'
Open Silver Watches.
Stem Wind, Waltham Move-
ment.

\$9.00.

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Morocco Cover, Gilt Edges.
60c.

Smallest that can be bought.

TO THE LADIES!

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GLOVES—15c., 20c., 30c.
HOSE—20c., 30c., 50c.

They're Going Great!

We mean our HEAVY SERGES, at
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Send along your order.

HANDS DOWN, and give Our FUR
CAPS a chance at your ears—\$2.00,
\$3.25, \$4, \$5, \$6.50, \$8, \$9.50, and
\$7.

We Don't Keep Tea! WE SELL IT!

A splendid lot it is too! You
can get it at 30c., 40c., or 50c.
If you live in Toronto, drop Sergt.
Langham, S. A. Temple, a post card,
and he'll bring you any style you
want.

AS WARM AS WARM.

MEN'S CARDIGAN JACKETS—A
genuine New Stock, extra heavy, su-
perior quality—all wool. Will let
them go to you at \$9.50, seeing you're
not a bad sort.

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Beautiful selection of mottoes now
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Silks (large)	13c
Silks (small)	10c
Scrolls	15c
Floral	10c
Fats	15c
Three-fold Screens	35c
"Christ is Lord," etc.	35c
Rules for To-day	18c
General's Message (with photo) ..	15c
Mrs. (Gen.) Booth's do. do.	10c

WANTED AT ONCE!

Copies of the Canadian Cry for Dec.
9th, 1893, and Nov. 24th, 1894.

Should any reader have these to
spare we should esteem it a great
kindness if they could let us have
them.

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Army, at their Printing
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scribed in the proceedings of
the glorious work of Salvation among the children
of Canada, Newfoundland, and North-West America.

THE
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CONTAINS ALL THE LATEST
news of the war, with original
articles by the General and Ad-
mirals, and is sent by the Officers
and Soldiers. There is no more efficient way to
spread Salvation than by increasing the circulation
of THE WAR CRY, which is circulated, not
merely to sustain and intensify the devotion of the
Army, but to arouse all who read it to a more self-
sustaining and complete work upon the Kingdom of
the World, and the more constant efforts to
spread the Kingdom of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus
Christ.
Printed with 32 U. S. publications, by JOHN W.
A. BOW, at the S. A. Printing House, 12 Albert
Street, Toronto.

To Whom it May Concern.

Especially to all who may be interested in the work done by the G. B. M. Provincial and Local Agents for the alleviation of the suffering, perishing, and dying.

BY MAJOR J. READ.

Good news still comes from the battle's front with regard to the Light Brigade Scheme. The places that now know the different P. A.'s will soon know them no more—for a time, at any rate. Great and wide are the changes anticipated, and ere this appears in print some of these pending arrangements will have become veritable facts. We hope there will be no "deeny" in the "change," but that Lazarus will be looked after far better in the future.

The Pacific Province is to have a P. A. Of course it has already a "pa," but another is to be added. We feel sure that Major Friedrich will take well laid of the G. B. M. Scheme, and "the man" who pilots this glorious scheme in the Pacific Province will find that the people out there will take to it most generously. But who is this "pilot"? A little patience, dear readers, and all such secrets will be revealed. Now, ye brave Americans, take hold of this box scheme with all the zeal you possibly can.

Captain Seobell reports that L. A. Beal, of Brantford, has over \$20 in his boxes this quarter, and at Hesperia the Captain got over \$6 from eight boxes. At Fergus there were some temperance evangelists. Seobell got them to join in with the Army, and the S. A. thus got half proceeds. Town Hall was full. Ministers prayed, spoke, etc., etc., and it was altogether a huge success. As an after result, \$10 was collected for the Self-Denial effort. Good for Bro. Seobell! Have another similar try! Mr. Murray, a dear old Army friend living up among the B. C. mountains, has sent us \$5.76 in cash, collected by means of G. B. M. boxes. Thanks, Brother Murray! Another leading Toronto business man walked into our office a few days ago, emptied the contents of his box on our table, and took great pleasure in helping us to count it. We fixed him up with a nice new box, and he went away highly delighted.

Mrs. Grozillo lives at Hamilton. She is a Local Agent of the G. B. M. Scheme, and the fact that she has sent us the names of ten people whom she has enrolled as Social League members goes to prove that her heart is in the Social work. God bless this dear sister in her efforts to push this branch of the war.

Adjutant Magee sent me, a few days ago, a most peculiar looking piece of blank paper, with instructions to ignite it at a certain spot on its surface. This I did, and fizz, fizz it went. We watched the burned outline, and lo! when it had stopped burning there appeared the face of General Booth! What next will they use for advertising purposes?

The Social Institutions are beginning to feel the benefit of the G. B. M. proceeds. Critical minds may be glad to know that some time ago the Com-munant decided to leave at these institutions the above percentage, but in, eighty per cent. of all box money got in a town where there is no or more Social Institutions shall go to the credit of the same. Already St. John, N.B., Lewco Home has materially benefited thereby.

Captain and Mrs. Pugh farwell and go to ———! Captain Bailey says good-bye to this work and takes an appointment at ———! Adjutant Magee farwells and goes to pasture new, while Budgitt Ross, with his newly-wedded wife, go to ———! All these things will be revealed later on.

The Lord can make a crooked person straight.

First Week IN FEBRUARY.



February FIRST WEEK.

Eastern Notings FOR '96.

BY BRIGADIER SCOTT.

We're getting through with S.-D. At the time of writing a few returns are in. Indications point to success. Hurrah! My S.-D. week was spent away from home this year. Visited six corps, travelled 500 miles, conducted 24 meetings, out-door and in, lectures, marches made five visits, did 20 interviews, wrote 34 letters and postcards, and arrived home tired in the way, but not of it.

Pretty hard week, though, of soul-saving. What with one thing and another it seemed mighty hard to get a move on in this direction. Yet well believe for victory. Still, a fellow likes immediate results, don't he? However, "we shall reap in due season if we faint not," and "He giveth power to the faint."

THREE MONTHS' CAMPAIGN!

Plans and arrangements are being made for the three months' campaign. Having got clear of S.-D., we are going to set to work for some definite results, and set targets before us for three months. More of this anon.

BERMUDA.—January 2nd will see the party organized and leaving Halifax for the fair city of Hamilton. Lieut. Davis Smith is down there, and writes enthusiastically as to the prospects for the Army. As to who is going, watch the Cry.

Would you like to help us? We don't travel free down that way, consequently a good sum of money is needed for the outfit. Can you spare a donation?

Musical instruments of all kinds thankfully received. Drums, timbales, cymbals, autoharps, etc., will be received, and go towards booming things down that way.

Who will help? Will you?

What do the Eastern comrades think of Try's note? I think Try would do better if there were more names to try from. Try will try, but if you will help her to try, her try will be all the better. What about your name, Captain, Lieutenant, and comrades in general? Come along, surely we can increase our roll of honor. Be quick, send your name on time.

What about uniform? We have a good stock in St. John. Some brand new notices. They're fine—almost all shades and sizes, and all kinds of notices. Any brother want a garter, or a pair of S's, or any sister want a good hallooing bonnet, or a full outfit for the New Year? Write to the Brigadier, St. John.

What about a New Year's gift? We have some publications—Mrs. Booth's Life, the General's works, etc., all interesting and edifying, and will do your soul good. Buy from us and help on the war. Amen! The Army for ever!

At the time of writing, Adjutant Magee is in Cape Breton visiting the corps there. The two new openings, i.e., Glass Bay and Sydney Mines, are coming on nicely. Well done! Go in for results, comrades.

Right down glad we were to hear of the results of the recent case in Toronto. The Army having been vindicated in such a manner sent our spirits up, and led us to send a mighty volley of praise to God for this victory. We have prayed for the Com-munant, and now thank God for this result. Farewell of officers is coming on. Who . . . ?

Sorry to say Captain Stepler is ill, also Captain Penny. God bless these comrades. Others are needing largesse. The Lord's work must go on. We must have more officers.

What about you? What about your application? Candidates wanted. Men and women of fire, and plenty of red-hot religion about them. Men and women to fight for God and souls, bearing the cross, despising the shame for the joy that is set before them.

Send your application to St. John. Stop! Wait. Let me add this, that we are all well at the White House, and going on from victory unto victory.

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AND OFF

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